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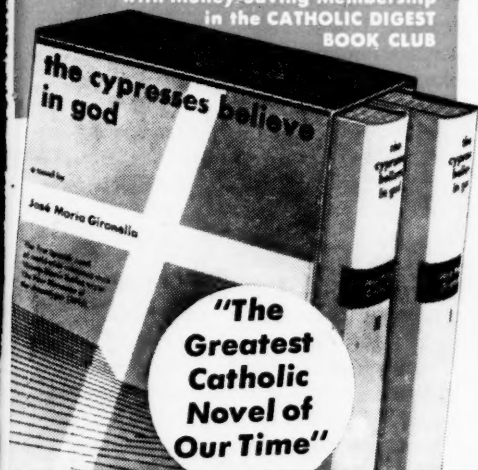
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the Open Door

I HAD become a Catholic before the untimely death of my husband. Then I moved back home with my par-

ents and younger brothers and sisters. My religion, naturally, was the topic of much curiosity and conversation, among both adults and children.

Soon my subscription to THE CATHOLIC DIGEST was coming to my new address. Mom would read articles of interest to the younger children, and the older ones would read them on their own initiative and discuss them. THE DIGEST showed the way to a happy family life.

First the conversations were: "If I were Catholic, etc." Soon this was changed to "When I am Catholic, etc." Mom and dad began to say, "This is something we all want and need; shall we go to the priest and tell him of our desire to become Catholics, and ask his advice?"

Mom and dad just celebrated their 25th marriage anniversary by renewing their marriage vows. Excitement was high and attendance large, including daughters, sons, grandchildren, in-laws, and several other well-wishers.

We are now preparing for another big event: Baptism for Betty, 17; Ronnie, 15; Billie, 7; and Joanne, 6, to be followed by Confirmation for all.

Mrs. Jacqueline Alberi.

A NEW suit brought about my conversion. I was about 15 when my parents bought me the suit. I didn't like wearing it for just any occasion. Not to waste it, I decided to visit all the different churches in my community, to learn all I could about their services.

I had attended most of the other services, when a friend invited me to Mass. He loaned me a missal, but I was utterly lost. I decided to keep on going to Mass, until I did understand it.

I picked up and read Catholic pamphlets and papers. My parents now stepped in, and forbade any further Mass-going. I went anyhow, and took instructions. At last, my parents relented; I became a Catholic; and my parents are moving toward Catholicism themselves.

Denis Frank.

AN OFFHAND remark may be a tool of providence. Our monastery in India is on the sea. One of our priests walked to the shore one day, and was idly watching a warship.

A young sailor was there, too. The priest asked him when the ship had come in. The man ignored the question, stared, and blurted out, "I wish to become a Catholic!"

In a long journey to Catholicism, the sailor had found approaching a priest his biggest difficulty. He now completed his instructions, was baptized, and later entered a seminary for delayed vocations in England.

Ignatius Tonna, O.F.M.Cap.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be returned.—Ed.]



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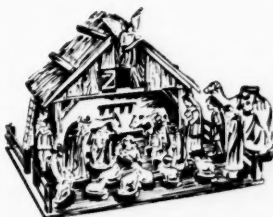
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"And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and laid Him in a manger"

The Virgin Birth

By DENIS O'SHEA

Condensed from "*The First Christmas*"*

MARY MUST HAVE shivered as she stepped into the darkness of the underground stable. At every step she had to hold up her white tunic, lest it be soiled. She held the lamp while Joseph cleared a space near the door, away from the beasts at the back.

The discomforts of the cave were real enough, but they were not intolerable. Joseph made up a bed of straw for her near the entrance, but she would not have to lie upon bare straw. Mary had been expecting to be confined in Bethlehem, so she came provided with the necessities. Her foresight extended even to swaddling clothes. Joseph unpacked their belongings from the saddlebags, and laid them out on the manger.

The very poor people of the time had no proper beds at all. They simply lay on the floor, wrapped in their large outer mantles. The mantle was the poor man's cloak

by day and his coverlet by night. The Law commanded that when a mantle was put in pledge for a loan, it should always be returned to its owner by sunset, lest he lack bedclothes for the night. But Mary and Joseph were not so poor as to be compelled to pawn their garments.

Over the straw, Mary spread out the quilted caparison cloth as a mattress; the stuffed saddle served as pillow. From her wallet, she produced a change of linen, a spare tunic, the long, white-sleeved undergarment reaching to the feet. Her goatskin cloak would make a warm coverlet. By contemporary standards, Mary had a good bed in the cave and was comfortable enough.

The pious people of the period, encouraged by the Pharisees and rabbis, were sticklers for purifications. Indeed, the rabbis had drawn up an elaborate code on the



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practice. It was strictly forbidden to eat with unwashed hands. Mary and Joseph dared not disregard the precept lest they be excommunicated and cast out of the synagogue. On their journey, they carried the vessels for washing hands before meals and feet before retiring. These, called the *tesht* and *ibreeq*, were of either metal or earthenware. The *ibreeq* is a water jug, with a spout, from which the water is poured on the hands or feet, held over the basin. *Tesht* and *ibreeq* could be wrapped in a towel and carried in the saddlebags.

The mire of unpaved roads in the East has to be seen to be believed, and as neither stockings nor socks were worn in sandals or open shoes, foot washing was necessary before going to bed. For the convenience of the guests at the wedding of Cana, "there were set there six water pots of stone, according to the manner of the purifying of the Jews, containing two or three measures apiece." No inn would lack such facilities, for no pious guest would break bread without first washing his hands. So Joseph could fill his ewer with fresh water and provide Mary with an adequate supply even in the cave.

The cave was dark, for it had no window. Its sole illumination was the feeble light coming from the passage from the outside. Anyone using the stable had to bring his lamp with him. A niche in the rocky wall provided a place for the

lamp, as it does in the stone huts of the very poor to this day. Here Mary put her lamp, and in its light saw grotesque shadows cast on the wall by the heads of the animals.

The cave was dirty, cold, and dark, but she was clean, warm, and provided with a lamp. She was grateful when she could lie down on a good bed. The presence of the animals was inevitable, and she would not resent it. Furthermore, the warmth of their bodies took the chill off the air.

Mary and Joseph said their night prayers together as usual. When Joseph rose to retire, the eloquent look with which Mary thanked him brought balm to his harassed heart. Outside in the passage, he continued his prayers, but in silence, for he did not wish to attract attention by voice or movement. He sat down cross-legged, and waited with Oriental patience. He would not sleep, lest Mary should call. He was young, healthy, and warm in his heavy cloak, so a cold and wakeful night had no terrors for him. Overhead, noise and movement gradually ceased. The only sound was the slow munching of the contented animals.

At midnight, the silence was broken by the cry of a Baby.

"And it came to pass that when they were there her days were accomplished, that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes, and

laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."

There was no nurse present. "No midwife assisted at his birth," declared St. Jerome. "With her own hands she wrapped Him in swaddling clothes, herself both mother and midwife." Not even St. Joseph is mentioned as being present at the birth. The canonical Gospel gives the impression that the Mother was able to attend to the care of her Babe immediately, and the Church Fathers have concluded that the birth was without pain, as befitted the Virgin-Mother. Surely, the immaculate Mother of God was exempt from the curse pronounced upon errant Eve: "In sorrow shalt thou bring forth children."

St. Cyprian says, "Instead of purple and king's linen, swaddling bands and folded garments are got together: the Mother is the midwife; to her beloved Offspring she proffers devoted homage; she clasps, embraces, kisses and offers Him her breast, the whole occupation full of delight: there is no pain, none of nature's offensiveness in her confinement." Bossuet contends, "He comes forth like a shaft of light, like a ray of the sun; his Mother wonders to see Him appear all at once; this confinement is as free of cries as it is of pain and force; miraculously conceived, He is born more miraculously still, and the saints have found his being born even more truly wonderful than

his being conceived of a virgin!"

Mary was able to rise from her bed to attend to the wants of her Child. With her own hands she wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes.

What are swaddling clothes? They are still in use in the East, and are very different from the little dresses or baby robes with sleeves in which Western infants are clothed. The Eastern infant was laid upon a square of cloth, spread diagonally. The upper corner was folded back to leave the head free, and the three other corners were folded over to enclose the whole body, including arms and legs. Then swaddling bands proper, rather like bandages, were wound outside the napkin, and tied.

The custom may have survived from early nomadic days, when the people dwelt in the wilderness, for the bandaging not only kept the baby warm and protected its spine, but enabled the mother to carry it more easily. Of course, the swaddling bands had to be unloosed in attending to the child's needs, but it was usually kept confined in them until it began to use its limbs. During this period, its skin was dusted with powdered myrtle leaves to prevent chafing, and any tender places were rubbed with olive oil.

Swaddling bands were usually of plain linen or cotton, but well-to-do people used embroidered stuffs. Mary was neither poor nor neglect-

ful, and was skilled in spinning and weaving, having been educated in the Temple. Probably the swaddling clothes made by her own hands were of good linen tastefully embroidered. To this day, the mothers of Bethlehem bind up their babies with linen strings with long fringes, by means of which they can carry them upon their backs or even hang them up out of the way!

It was the custom to wash the newly born infant in water and to rub it with salt to make the limbs supple, and then to wrap it up in the linen napkin tied with swaddling bands.

"Joseph!" When Mary called his name, he came into the cave, anxious, hoping, wondering. In the dim lamp light, he saw her kneeling by the manger, and he saw the white bundle in her arms. She turned her head at the sound of his steps, and he saw that her eyes outshone the stars. One glimpse of that radiant face assured him that all was well. Humbly he thanked the Holy One: "Blessed be his Name." Another step, and he was bending over her shoulder, and he saw Christ the Lord wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in the manger; and falling down, he adored Him.

Beyond them, the heads of the animals loomed grotesquely, and their warm breath rose up in the chill air. "The ox knoweth his master, and the ass the stable of

his Lord." The patient beasts of burden, the humble friends of man, had a place at the birth of the Lord of men and animals. But, after Mary his Mother, it was Joseph, her husband, guardian, and best friend, who had the honor of being the first to adore the Son of God made Man.

The Saviour was not only conceived in virginity, but also born in virginity. Mary retained her integrity in the birth of her Son. It was a miracle, of course, a special intervention of God in the laws of nature, "because no word shall be impossible with God." As Christ in his risen Body will one day pass out of the sealed, stone tomb without opening it, so now He leaves the womb of his Mother and enters the world without depriving her of her virginity.

St. Gregory of Nyssa wrote, "Although coming in the form of man, yet He is not subject in everything to the law of Man's nature. While his being born of a woman tells of human nature, virginity becoming capable of childbirth betokens something above man's nature. Of Him, then, his Mother's burden was light, the birth immaculate, the delivery without pain, the nativity without defilement. For as she, who by her guilt engrafted death into her nature, was condemned to bring forth in pain, it was fitting that she who brought Life into the world would accomplish her delivery with joy."

The pangs of childbirth, the sorrows of errant Mother Eve, were not for the immaculate Virgin Mother. Thus all Christians confess "the Blessed Mary ever virgin." She alone is both virgin and mother; she alone is so blessed among women as to wear the crowns of maidenhood and motherhood, the double crown which no other daughter of Eve has ever worn or ever will wear.

The Nicene Creed, in its own stately fashion, states the doctrine for all Christians. "I believe in one God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible. And in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, born of the Father before all ages. God of God; Light of Light; true God of true God; begotten, not made; being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made. Who for us men, and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made man."

The Baby born in the cave is God, the Second Person of the most august Trinity, the Maker of heaven and earth, omnipotent, eternal, immense, and immutable. The Child is divine. "A mass of legend and literature," wrote the inimitable G. K. Chesterton, "has repeated and rung the changes on that single paradox; that the hands

that made the sun and stars were too small to reach the huge heads of the cattle. Upon this paradox all the literature of our faith is founded."

Some seven centuries before Christ's coming, Isaias had expressed the same paradox. "For a child is born to us, and a son is given to us, and the government is upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace." St. Paul, too, expresses the paradox. "But when the fullness of the time was come, God sent his Son, made of a woman, made under the law." The God who made the world out of nothing is born of a woman, for of her He deigned to take his human nature.

It is incredible, but it is true, and Jesus Christ was born in the stable of Bethlehem. Look, Christian, at Christ; look at God in the cave. Look at the wretched hole, the beasts, and the dirt. Look at the grave man, bent in wondering awe over Mother and Child, the faithful guardian of both. Look at the lovely girl-mother, with a light in her eyes that never shone in woman's eyes before. Look at the Infant, look at Christ the Lord wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger. Look, Christian, and adore your Creator, your Redeemer, and your Judge.



*Science finds that people are tallest in Texas, smartest out West,
and live the longest in Nebraska*

Profile of the U.S.A.

By JOHN E. GIBSON

IN WHAT PART of the U.S. are people the smartest? Where do they live the longest? Which states have the most beautiful scenery? Where are people the happiest? To find out the answers to these and other questions about this lovely land of ours, scientists have been conducting extensive studies. Their findings provide us with an interesting profile of the U.S.A.

Which states have *the most beautiful scenery?*

Practically every region boasts natural wonders which many people regard as unmatched anywhere else. But in the opinion of most Americans, *California* ranks first, with such breath-taking attractions as its Yosemite valley and Lake Tahoe, its snow-capped Sierras, its miles of beautiful coastline.

Colorado, with its majestic Rockies, is ranked second by most people queried.

The American Institute of Public Opinion polled men and women from every part of the country on this question. Here is how they ranked the top ten scenic states: 1. California. 2. Colorado. 3. Pennsylvania. 4. New York. 5. Florida. 6. Washington. 7. Wisconsin. 8. Oregon. 9. Virginia. 10. Kentucky.

What are America's *most interesting cities?*

New York holds more fascination for the average American than any other city, according to a national opinion survey. Washington ranked as second most interesting metropolis. Chicago was rated



third; San Francisco, fourth; and Los Angeles, fifth.

Also included among the ten cities voted most interesting were New Orleans, Boston, Philadelphia, Detroit, and St. Louis.

As for cities having the reputation for the *finest food*, a coast-to-coast Gallup survey shows *New York* also leading the field here, with New Orleans running second, followed by Chicago, San Francisco, and Los Angeles.

Also ranked among the top ten cities, gastronomically speaking, were Washington, which ranked in sixth place, followed by Boston, Miami, Philadelphia, and Milwaukee.

Even though some Americans polled had never visited the city of their choice, few hesitated in naming the city where they would expect to be served the most appetizing food.

The next ten cities cited by Mr. Average American for excellent food were Detroit, Minneapolis, Baltimore, St. Louis, Cleveland, Atlanta, Dallas, Pittsburgh, Denver, and Houston.

What state has *the tallest men*?

If you guessed *Texas*, you're absolutely right. The average Texan is a full two inches taller, for example, than the average man from Rhode Island. A U.S. Army study, comparing the heights of men inducted from every state in the

Union, shows that the four states with the tallest men are Texas, Oklahoma, Mississippi, and Tennessee. The states with the *shortest* men are *Rhode Island*, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and New Hampshire.

It is interesting that the states producing the tallest men were all in the South Central area; while the states with the shortest men were all in the Northeastern corner of the U.S.

What parts of the country have *the smartest people*?

To check the regional differences on this score, the U.S. Air Force's Human Resources Research center conducted an intensive study in which a battery of aptitude, ability, and vocabulary tests were administered to representative enlisted men from every area in the U.S.

Most authorities agree that the size of a man's vocabulary is a reliable indication of his intelligence. Men from the *Western states* (California, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Nevada, and Arizona) averaged the highest *vocabulary-test* scores.

Men from the *North Atlantic states* (New York, New Jersey, and all of New England) ranked a close second; and scored higher than men from any other area in the U.S. on *knowledge of current affairs*.

Midwesterners rolled up the highest scores on *mathematical ability*. And the *Western states* led the rest of the nation in *mechanical aptitude*.

These findings are substantially borne out by previous studies. And all evidence indicates that the average IQ of people in the various regions of the U. S. has changed little in recent years.

About ten years ago, what is perhaps the most wide-scale intelligence survey ever undertaken was conducted jointly by Columbia university's psychologist Robert L. Thorndike and the American Institute of Public Opinion. Intelligence tests were administered to a representative cross section of the adult voting population in every area of the country. As in the Human Resources Research center study, residents of the Western states averaged the highest scores of any region, with the North Atlantic states running second.

Where do people *live the longest*?

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company made a survey of each of the 48 states, and found that people live longer on the average in *Nebraska* than in any other state in the Union. The five other states with the best records for longevity were South Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, North Dakota, and Kansas.

Why should the people in these states live longer than the rest of the country's population? These

states are agricultural; a large number of the inhabitants are farmers, engaged in healthful, outdoor work; and these states all enjoy comparatively high living standards. None of the states where living standards are not high, or where the majority of workers are engaged in confining, sedentary occupations, ranked high in the longevity survey. Another factor which the investigators found had a bearing on a state's longevity rating was a good public-health administration, including accessible medical and hospital facilities of high quality. The top-ranking states all had these.

What part of the country produces *the most distinguished men*, in proportion to its population?

To find out the answer to this question, the noted scientist Ellsworth Huntington made a study of 85,000 leaders in science, industry, and various professions as determined by their listing in *Who's Who*, *American Men of Science*, and other such reference books.

He found that, in proportion to its population, *Connecticut* produced more notable men than any other state. Massachusetts ranked second, Rhode Island third, New Hampshire fourth, Colorado fifth, Vermont sixth, California seventh, New York eighth, Montana ninth, and Maine tenth.

Note that these ten top-ranking states were all located in one of two specific areas: the North At-

lantic region, and the West. These two regions also made the best showings in the IQ surveys.

In what part of the country are the people *the most religious*?

Consensus of latest studies and surveys is that *the New England states* have the biggest percentage of churchgoers; better than one person out of two attends services. The Middle Atlantic states ranked a close second in church attendance. The South was third, the Central states fourth, and the Midwest fifth. At the bottom of the list, with only one person out of three a regular churchgoer, was the Far West.

Paradoxically enough, the New England states, leading in church attendance, also have a bigger percentage of Doubting Thomases and unbelievers than any part of the U.S., except the Far West.

Where are people *the happiest*?

No one state or region has a monopoly on well-being and contentment. And no attempt has ever been made to determine, for example, whether the people of Oregon are more or less happy than the citizens of Colorado or Tennessee. However, in one respect, geographical location does have a very definite bearing on the matter. Studies conducted by sociologists E. W. Burgess and L. S. Cottrell and other leading investigators have shown that people who live

in the country tend to be happier than those who live in cities. And this has been found to be particularly true in regard to domestic happiness. The divorce rate has long been higher in metropolitan areas; and so has the suicide rate.

Of course, many individuals are perfectly happy living in the city—and would be less contented living anywhere else—but the evidence indicates that this definitely does not hold true for the majority.

Where is the *best place in the U.S. to live*?

In answers to this question, personal factors weigh far heavier than geographic ones. And intangible things are more important than the tangible ones. Material considerations, such as agreeable climate and occupational advantages, are important. But sociological studies make it very clear that there are more important things, to which we respond with our hearts rather than our heads: the feeling of *belonging* that is associated with a certain region; of having our roots down; of being where our friends are: a feeling of kinship to the land, or to a certain city or town. These are the things we really live by. And where we feel these things we are likely to be the happiest.

So perhaps the question might be answered best by saying that the best place to live in this land is where your heart is.

*Communists dropped fascinating clues to their methods
and their plans for a comeback*

What the Reds Left Behind in Guatemala

By KEITH MONROE

Condensed from *Harper's Magazine**

Capture of a new kind of enemy plane, tank, or gun is an exciting gain in war. It may show how the enemy has won battles, and how he can be stopped. Now, for the first time since the cold war began, we can study the political wiring of a late-model Red satellite. A communist-ruled nation, Guatemala, has come over to our side.



WAS GUATEMALA a full-fledged communist state? Not quite. It had no Iron Curtain. But it had most of the other equipment, including torturers. It was a nation run by party-line communists under Comintern supervision. Given more time, they might have carried off most of Central America. There is proof that they planned to do so, and soon.

In the Palacio Nacional I saw ceiling-high masses of school textbooks. The books are in Spanish, of course, but they were printed in Prague in 1951. I saw six-foot stacks of propaganda pamphlets, posters, and magazines. They had evidently arrived during the last

weeks of the government, when nobody had time to open them, for they are still tied and wrapped, with Russian postmarks and postage stamps.

We can only guess how many earlier stacks were spread through Central America. The immense bulk of this material, all in Spanish and much of it written for specific Central American countries, is an impressive token of the Comintern's interest in the area.

And then there are the photographs. I have seen atrocity pictures before, but none like these. I hope I never see their like again. Some were snapped by government

*49 E. 33rd St., New York City 16. July, 1955. © 1955 by Harper & Brothers, and reprinted with permission.

people themselves, apparently as a hobby. They show men under torture. The snapshots are murky, but even the dim images of those bloody, screaming, writhing figures are too clear. Other photos show corpses found after the communists left. Some men's tongues had been pulled up by the roots and left dangling from their mouths. Other men got treatment I had never heard of before, nor imagined. I will not describe it.

The political soil of Guatemala was fertile for radicalism. Agrarian reform was overdue. Almost half of the 3 million population were sharecroppers. One-third of the good soil lay fallow behind the fences of the big coffee, banana, and sugar planters.

For ten years while communism gained strength, the upper class was blind to it. A young coffee heir, educated in the U.S., once remarked to friends that peons on his father's ranch had come on their knees begging him to remove an overseer who beat them. He mentioned the incident as a typical minor problem of farm management. Evidently he had no inkling that the peons' method of seeking better treatment might be getting old-fashioned.

Even after President Jacobo Arbenz proclaimed his plan for land redistribution, few people considered him a Red. He was thought to be a nationalist who would push out gringo business-

men. Most observers were sure that his beliefs, his army background, and his sharp wits made him immune to the crude wiles of communism.

This was almost true. But some communists are not as crude as they used to be. Arbenz was not a communist when he took office in 1951; yet, by 1953, he was a convert.

The process by which Arbenz was converted is known now. It may hold more than academic interest, because it is apparently being tried today on President Soekarno of Indonesia, President Figueres of Costa Rica, and the ministers of several other nations where leftists have footholds.

Arbenz wished to bring about certain reforms. He soon found that when he spent 100,000 quetzals, say, for one of his projects, only about 10,000 trickled down to the people if he spent it through the usual channels. The other 90,000 went into the pockets of politicians. But if he spent it through a communist in the government, every quetzal went where Arbenz wished. The communists took no graft.

Nor did they loaf on the job. Other bureaucrats strolled in at midmorning, went home for lunch and a long siesta at noon, and closed their desks for the day at six sharp. Many of them, especially outside the capital, devoted long pleasant hours to reading comic books or playing cards at their desks. But the communists in civil

service came early, brought their lunches, and stayed late. They worked nights and week ends to accomplish anything Arbenz wanted.

Naturally, he leaned on them. Probably he did not know, in the beginning, who was a communist and who wasn't. He just knew that he was surrounding himself with people he could depend on. When he discovered their Moscow ties, it seemed unimportant. He thought he was using these people for his own ends. Gradually he grew fond of them. Over wine and cigars he quizzed them about their trips behind the Iron Curtain. Eventually they sold him on communism.

There was another factor, too. Most men in high office can be convinced that they are irreplaceable. Flattery by communists bred this conviction in Arbenz. He was persuaded that Guatemala, for its own good, ought to keep him as president beyond 1957, when his term would expire. Under the constitution, he could not succeed himself. So when the communists talked of amending the constitution and making him a *caudillo*, he listened.

This brings us to another comforting myth about last year's Guatemala. I used to believe, like most outsiders, that Guatemala's communists were a small "hard core" without mass support. Actually they had a broad popular following, which may still exist silently today. This following was

built by old-time ward-heeler methods.

When a poor man's shack burned down, the communists rustled up boards and tin and built him a new one. When an Indian's child was sick, communists rallied around with aspirin pills and hot-water bottles. People who were hungry, or broke, or in trouble had virtually nowhere else to turn, but they could always go to communist headquarters for tortillas, pennies, help, and friendship.

Of course, it was not called communist headquarters. It was called the CTG, or General Confederation of Labor. This was a combine of unions controlled by communists, which meant most of the unions in the country. Communists had been boring into the unions since 1946.

For much the same reasons that English peasants loved Robin Hood's merry men, Guatemalan peons loved the CTG, and rich people feared it. When the owner of a tenement tried to evict 15 families for nonpayment of rent, the CTG threw a human wall around the tenement. Bailiffs backed away, and the families were never put into the street.

Such incidents happened often. Each got glowing publicity in the government press, and made more friends for the CTG, yet did not worry outsiders since the word *communist* did not appear.

Arbenz saw that Indian villages,

city slums, and garbage-ridden farm camps might follow any CTG lead en masse. To stay in power he would need their votes—or their flesh if civil war broke out. The army was cooler to him each month, and might turn on him. So at last Arbenz found himself wooing the communists who had once wooed him.

They told him that the opposition would have to be broken before he could become dictator. He agreed. Together, they went at it fanatically—and perhaps more noisily than the Comintern expected. They trumpeted that “anti-communism is subversive,” thereby arousing the U.S. They threw out the supreme court and replaced it with a benchful of henchmen, thereby touching off a mob demonstration which had to be squelched with gunfire. They seized some farms and businesses illegally, tried to assassinate a Salvadorean diplomat who made trouble for them, and succeeded in murdering the Guatemalan ambassador to Washington so adroitly that it looked like suicide. The reign of the secret police began, and a deathlike quiet settled over the country.

Arbenz still did not announce himself a communist. He and his comrades saw two big threats. One was the Guatemalan army. Its officers stood stiffly apart from the administration, even while accepting Cadillacs and other perquisites with which Arbenz sought to mol-

lify them. The other threat was the army of exiles which Castillo Armas was gathering in Honduras.

Obviously, an armed showdown was coming. So the Kremlin threw some arms into the scale. The freighter *Alfhem* set out from Poland with 1,900 tons of Czech munitions, more than the total of all other arms shipped into Central America in a generation. There were thousands of machine guns, light artillery, and plenty of ammunition.

Only a third of the guns were intended for Guatemala. Evidence has been found that a razzle-dazzle triple play was planned for April and May of 1954. In Nicaragua, Somoza was to be assassinated. The underground communist organization would rise, and a third of the *Alfhem* arms would give it a good chance of crushing all opposition. In Honduras, a general strike was starting, led by expert agitators from abroad. It was to be turned into a revolution by arming the strikers.

The other third of the *Alfhem* weapons would go to Guatemala, to phalanxes of peons and Indians who were already drilling openly on golf courses around Guatemala City. They could, it was hoped, swallow up the regular army and hold off Castillo Armas. If Nicaragua, Honduras, and Guatemala were welded quickly together into a new Red dominion, then the U.S. would face the hard choice of

fighting another Korean war close to home or letting Central America go the way of Indochina.

These high stakes help explain the savagery in Guatemalan police cellars. The government and its foreign advisers were determined to learn Castillo Armas' plans. Every hour counted. Anyone who might have a scrap of information about the coming invasion was questioned mercilessly. Children were strangled before their parents' eyes if this seemed the quickest way to make the parents talk. (Incredible? It was to me. But pictures show it. Witnesses confirm it.)

Luckily for our side, while the *Alfhem* was en route, the communists bungled. Two attempts on Somoza's life failed. The Honduran strike collapsed when its leaders were jockeyed into a position where everyone saw that they did not want a settlement. So the *Alfhem* changed course and landed its whole cargo in Guatemala.

There, too, the Reds blundered. Despite their best efforts to keep the shipment secret, our Central Intelligence agency knew of it. While the *Alfhem* was still unloading at Puerto Barrios, the world read about it on newspaper front pages. This might not have mattered if the waiting army of *campesinos*—the Workers Militia, it was called—had gotten hold of the guns. But Arbenz had to let the regular army unload the shipment

and transfer it to Guatemala City.

Army officers suspected that they would be pointing guns at their own heads if they armed the *campesinos*. So they stalled. For several weeks, while the government tried to coax and bribe them, they found excuses to keep the arms securely locked in their own armories. Arbenz dared not risk an open break by pressing them too hard.

When Castillo Armas marched, the Workers Militia was still empty-handed and the regular army had no will to fight.

"We're finished anyway if we beat Castillo Armas," one officer said on his way to the frontier. "We'll be replaced by the *campesinos* afterward, probably with bad bloodshed."

Perhaps a little bird told them they could keep their splendid homes and high salaries if the invaders won. That was how it turned out. When Castillo Armas became president he slapped down a few fumbling army attempts at a coup, and soon the military settled back into the lush peacetime life it had enjoyed under Arbenz. The army of exiles disbanded.

The Guatemalan setback presumably taught the Comintern some lessons. We can expect that in Latin America it may move more slowly hereafter. Before grabbing the reins of a government it will make sure of the army. Furthermore, it is likely to take much

greater pains to avoid alarming our State department. For the next few years, Latin communists will probably never label themselves as such.

"We must use a different method to fight against capitalism," says one letter found in a communist brief case. "We must progress without provoking fear or reprisals from the North American government. That can be done by cultivating friendship with them, visiting their embassy, inviting their visitors to dinner, telling them constantly what they like to hear. We must grow up not merely in spite of the U.S., but with its actual assistance."

The communists hope for a comeback in Guatemala. When they looted the government treasury during their final days in office, it was not to enrich themselves. A real communist cares no more for money or comfort than an early Christian martyr did. They took the funds for two reasons: it might cause the failure of whatever government followed them, and it would give the party a big bankroll for underground work.

Of the 11 members of the central committee of the Guatemalan Communist party, four are probably still at large somewhere in the country. The others are known to be in Mexico, working a 12-hour day at the job of making trouble in Guatemala and three other Central-American nations. Just before they fled the country, they left the

following secret *Rules for Guatemalan Communists*.

1. Abstain from defending communist viewpoints and thus avoid suspicion.
2. All unknown members of the party should enroll in anti-communist parties for their own protection.
3. Denounce as communists as many anti-communists as possible, especially choosing those who are not known to be militant anti-communists.
4. Those who are able to infiltrate anti-communist parties must stir up division by agitating between groups.
5. As often as possible, remind personnel of the regular army how they were humiliated by the "army of liberation."
6. Try to have issued bulletins and complaints regarding high cost of living and suppression of labor's rights; and denounce abuses by the police.
7. In case fighting occurs between anti-communist groups, take no part except to try to secure and hide light arms and ammunition. This rule also applies to military officers who are communists.

Washington seemed to lose interest in Guatemala as soon as the Red government fell. It transferred virtually everyone in the embassy, replacing them with less experienced men. To the proud and sensitive Guatemaltecos it seemed we were taking out the first-team and sending in the rookies, now that the game was won. They maintain that the game is not won. The communists will try again.

He will respond cheerfully to tact

How to Manage Your Husband

By
JUDITH CHASE
CHURCHILL

Condensed from
*Family Circle**



UNDERSTANDING male foibles is a job in itself, and coping with them is still another. To get more mileage out of a husband (while keeping him a happy man) calls for planning, tact, good timing, subtlety, and other wifely techniques.

Here are some suggestions from psychologists and sociologists, from books on sales techniques (written by men), and from wives who have learned by long experience the secrets of husband influencing.

1. Should I sign my husband up in advance for household help?

No. Your best technique is to enlist him at the last minute. Advance notice induces mental fatigue. Many husbands will become weary days ahead as they contemplate a scheduled shopping trip or floor-waxing job. A husband who feels exhausted after pushing a vacuum cleaner from one room to another can probably carry his shotgun over several acres of hunting

land with ease. That's because he looks forward to hunting but not to vacuum-cleaning.

And here's another tip. Never spring more than one chore on him at a time, or he may get the feeling that he's being overwhelmed.

2. Do the instincts I appeal to in influencing my husband change as he grows older?

Yes, to a considerable extent. For example, according to Donald A. Laird's *What Makes People Buy?* there are two ages when a man responds most to an appeal to his masculinity—at 16 and after 40.

If your husband is in his 20's or 30's, your most effective appeal is to his desire for social, personal, and professional importance. During these years, he's susceptible to suggestions that will help him toward success or an appearance of success. After 45, when he's made his reputation in his job, the best appeal is his looks, vigor, and

stamina. And here's one approach that is sure to please him: ask his advice.

3. How about tears as a technique?

Tears are likely to be effective at first, but as a long-term technique they'll work against you. Your husband hates to see you cry, and he'll go to any lengths to stop you. But eventually he will tire of your weeping spells. He may even grow to dislike you, for your tears make him feel guilty. So, don't create what psychologist Alfred Adler calls "a household run by water power."

4. What (if any) are the chances of making my husband over?

Studies show that despite all efforts of wives to make husbands over, men change little in marriage. It's the wives who make the major adjustments. After 25, a man's personality is fairly set, though his likes and dislikes grow more emphatic as he grows older.

5. How can I get him to do the household repairs he keeps postponing?

Here's where a homemaker's ingenuity is worth a dozen psychologists. He keeps forgetting to fix the vacuum-cleaner plug, the range burner, and the worn-out faucet washers. Some morning when you are coming down with a bad cold, tell him. Temporarily, he'll have to

take over your household jobs. That drippy faucet will irritate your husband into action in no time.

Your stratagem may very well result in more than minor repairs. Many a husband who's been obliged to stand over sink and range for a few days has ended up by having the whole kitchen remodeled.

6. What's the best way to keep him from balking at household chores?

Allow him plenty of time for his hobbies. What tires us most about chores is our urge to be doing something else. The hobby-happy husband not only has much less resistance to chores, but he does them better, because he isn't wasting energy thinking of things he'd rather be doing.

7. How can I get him to dress up?

If your husband doesn't like to dress up for social occasions he's probably protesting indirectly against the group of people he'll be seeing. Focus your appeal on the impression he's likely to make on the company instead of talking about the clothes he doesn't enjoy wearing.

You might point out that at the gathering he may make valuable business contacts; or mention how much he's liked at parties for his humor and repartee, or for his ability as a dancer.

8. *How can I overcome his stubbornness?*

Criticism will only make him more stubborn. Use positive suggestion by praising him for what he might be. Let him overhear you saying something like, "John's always very fair-minded," or "John is always so thoughtful."

9. *Is he likely to be more efficient at one special kind of home chore?*

He'll do best the kinds of jobs he likes best, work he considers "masculine." Jobs that involve strength or the outdoors are likely to appeal to him: basement, garage, and garden chores, furniture repairs, weather-stripping, and so on. Husbands often feel rebellious at chores they consider "feminine," and this attitude affects efficiency and output.

10. *Are there any phrases I should avoid or adopt in influencing him?*

Experts have found that certain expressions arouse resentment and others are extremely persuasive. Avoid "Why didn't you . . . ?" "If it hadn't been for you . . .," "Aren't you ever . . . ?" as well as any remark that compares him unfavorably with someone else. Steer clear, too, of adjectives like *frightful*, *terrible*, *jittery*, *nervous* and *burned-up*.

Use persuasive phrases such as "Wouldn't it be nice if we . . . ?" "How would you like to . . . ?" "What would you think of . . . ?"

Watch your tone of voice, too, for a soft voice not only reduces family friction but gives you a 50% advantage in your ability to persuade.

11. *What are the best and worst times of day to approach him with a request?*

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Approach him after a good dinner. He's at his lowest ebb before breakfast and before a late dinner. Before dinner, a husband needs peace and quiet, yet studies show that wives are more talkative and aggressive at that time of day than at any other. Your cue is: tread lightly.

12. *Is my husband's physique any clue to the tactics I should use?*

Yes, there's a relation between his physical build and his emotional make-up. If he's fleshy, your best way of winning him over is by appealing to his love of physical comfort. He's the pipe-and-slippers kind. You can also appeal to his conviviality and desire for popularity. Don't try to influence this kind of husband by appealing to reason or emotion, and don't try to excite him.

If he's the athletic type, appeal to his love of physical adventure, excitement, and outdoor life. Appeal to him, too, through his interest in remaining youthful. If he's the thin or fragile type, he's the most difficult kind of husband to

influence by persuasion. Appeal to him through his mind or emotions, but don't excite him. He's likely to be sensitive, to love privacy, and to respond to an approach that plays up quality, beauty, ideals, and romance. Appeal to his reason.

13. Should he help me with the dishes?

Polls show that about 33% of all husbands give a hand with the dishes. If your husband is among the defaulting 67%, lure him into the kitchen subtly. While you're eating dessert, launch into a spirited discussion of some topic that

specially interests him, and keep on talking when you go to the kitchen. Few men will abandon a good discussion, even over a dishpan.

Whether you try some or all of these techniques, remember that the idea isn't to hoodwink or exploit the head of the house, but gently to win him over to your point of view about the solution of everyday problems that come up in all households. If you use the subtle persuasion method to influence your husband, the chances are he'll not only cooperate more, but will like it.



Kid Stuff

JOHNNY WAS in his pajamas and mother was hearing his bedtime prayers. "... and please, God," he was saying, "get daddy to give me that electric train for Christmas, and have teacher notice how much better I read now, and make the big kids take me into their gang, and. . ."

"Son," mother interrupted, "don't take it on yourself to give God instructions—just report for duty."

Bernard Podwojski.



PETER'S DECEMBER report card was not nearly so good as the last one. "What happened?" his father demanded. "Too much excitement over the holidays?"

"Well, you know how it is, dad," the boy explained in an injured tone, "everything's marked down after Christmas."

Spencer News (April '55).



MOTHER DECIDED that 10-year-old Kathy should get something "practical" for Christmas. "Suppose we open a savings account for you?" mother suggested. Kathy was delighted.

"It's *your* account, darling," mother said as they arrived at the bank, "so you fill out the application."

Kathy was doing fine until she came to the space for "Name of your former bank." After a slight hesitation, she put down "piggy."

American Weekly (16 Oct. '55).



The Irish Republican Army

*It does not believe that force and violence are
out of style politically*

BY GEAROID MACGOWAN

AMERICANS BLINKED and rubbed their eyes last summer at reports of daring raids on British arms depots in both Northern Ireland and England. Could this be 1916 all over again?

Some British officials, in identifying the raiders as members of the long outlawed (and supposedly defunct) Irish Republican army, were inclined to laugh the whole matter off as a joke. But to the British government, for whom the Irish question has been a perpetual saddle burr, and to the government of Eire, which has been trying by peaceful means to erase the North Irish border, today's IRA is no joke.

The IRA is no joke, either, to those Irishmen who have never accepted the treaty of 1921. That treaty ended the bloody British reprisals for the Irish revolt that occurred while Britain was busy with the 1st World War. It established the Irish Free State (later renamed Eire), and was regarded by Irish leaders like Eamon de Valera and John A. Costello as a great victory for Ireland. Yet, at

the same time, it kept the six predominantly Protestant counties of Northern Ireland a part of the United Kingdom. Some Irishmen on both sides of the border were embittered by this arbitrary division of an island they regarded as one nation.

Men like de Valera, who commanded the old IRA in the Easter Week uprising of 1916 and later served as Eire's premier, and Costello, who recently succeeded him, feel that Ireland has seen enough violence. Time and patience are all that are needed now, they say, for the eventual unification of their country.

"Not so," reply the members of the IRA, now repudiated by its former leaders. "The only language the British understand is spoken by guns." And the IRA is busy collecting them.

Considered purely as a military coup, last summer's series of raids, carried out at Armagh, Omagh, and Arborfield (the last just outside London!) was a failure. Most of the raiders were caught, and the

ringleaders given stiff sentences. But in another way, the stunt was successful, since it gained worldwide attention for the Irish problem. Today's IRA leaders are well aware that it was not only the blood shed by Irishmen, but also the pressure of world opinion that forced England to grant independence to Southern Ireland.

Just who makes up this daredevil, outlaw army? The answer is not easy to find. I joined the English journalists who flocked to Dublin right after the raid on Arborfield. We hoped to interview the Irish leaders or at least to trace the IRA down to its sources. Everywhere, we came up against a wall of silence.

We climbed the winding stairs to the office of the *United Irishman* in Sean Treacy St., only to be handed a document signed "D. MacDiarmada, adjutant general" stating that no press interviews were being given by IRA officers, on instructions from "headquarters."

The *United Irishman* is the monthly organ of both Sinn Fein and the IRA. It is sold openly in Eire, but is banned in Northern Ireland. The monthly backs the IRA in its "war" against British forces stationed in Northern Ireland, and sets forth the policies of Sinn Fein, the political wing of the radical republican movement.

Briefly, the chief policy of Sinn Fein is to elect Parliamentary deputies who will sit neither in the

Life Sentence: No Joke

THREE of the men who participated in the raid on the British arms depot at Arborfield, England, were recently sentenced to life imprisonment by a British court. The eldest, Joseph Doyle, said as he was being sentenced, "We are soldiers of the IRA. The arms and ammunition were to be used against the British army of occupation in [Northern] Ireland. Our only regret is that we did not succeed."

The other two drawing life sentences were Donald Murphy, 23, and James Murphy, 20.

From an AP dispatch (5 Oct. '55).

Northern Parliament at Stormont nor in the Parliament of the Republic in Dublin, but in a hypothetical "parliament of tomorrow" which will represent all 32 counties and speak for the whole of Ireland.

Though the *United Irishman* would tell me nothing about the IRA itself, I found that you can learn a bit by the old Irish method of "having a look around." The men of today's IRA are young—mostly in the 20 to 30 age group—and are drawn from the labor, shop-assistant, and rural classes, with a few intellectuals at the top. By and large, they are ardent idealists who regard themselves as the successors of the old IRA men who

fought against the British from 1916 through the Black-and-Tan war up to the treaty of 1921.

The young fellow who collects your fare on a Dublin bus, the chap who serves you a bottle of stout in a local pub, or the quiet-spoken assistant who sells you some Irish linen may be perfecting himself in the art of explosives by night. You will never know, because the new IRA, like the old, does not advertise itself to the world.

And you won't find the members only in Dublin. Last June, the annual pilgrimage to the grave of Wolfe Tone (founder of Irish republicanism) drew a big crowd of young men to the little cemetery in County Kildare. Many of the young men who paraded then, and during the earlier Easter Week commemorations, were probably members of the IRA, for the leaders certainly weren't seeking publicity. Only those few who are in the know can say where the IRA headquarters is at any given time.

An innocent-looking office in Dublin, with the name of a fictitious firm of "exporters" on the door, was often HQ in the old IRA days of 1916. Some similar front no doubt serves today's IRA.

The "units" of the "army" exist all over Ireland and even in some parts of England. Of 16 young men now in prison for their parts in last summer's raids, seven are from Dublin, three from Cork,

four from Northern Ireland, one from London, and one from Liverpool. And in addition to the army itself, there is a women's auxiliary known as *Cumann na mBan*, and a youth organization called the *Fian*.

The strength of the IRA is variously estimated at from 2,000 to 4,000, plus some unknown thousands of supporters and sympathizers. What its armory is like, few can say, but many wonder.

In last May's elections held in Northern Ireland to send members to sit with the British Parliament in London, the Sinn Fein put up four young men serving sentences in Belfast prison. Two of them were elected, though later declared disqualified. But the IRA and the Sinn Fein were content with the moral victory—and all the publicity that went with it.

The IRA has been extremely careful to avoid condemnation by the Catholic Church. Though admittedly an underground organization, its leaders insist that it is not really *secret*, since it requires no secret oaths for membership and its by-laws are only too well known. Last May the *United Irishman* published an emphatic statement: "Since the . . . IRA is composed of men who serve neither king nor Kremlin, but Ireland only, there is a very rigid check kept on subversive individuals or groups who might try to gain membership in the army or turn the efforts of the

young men pledged to fight for Ireland to some less worthy object." There have been charges that young Irishmen in Britain were enticed to join James Connolly labor clubs there (which were under communist influence) but there is no reason to think that the IRA itself has any Red infiltration.

Meanwhile, the official government in Eire wonders uneasily whether the next IRA raid may not

result in loss of life. Fortunately, there have been no casualties so far, unless you count the men who went to prison. When Eire first came into being in 1949, Premier John A. Costello expressed the fervent hope that Ireland was taking a step that "would take the gun once and for all out of Irish politics." Now, in this atomic age, the policy of force seems increasingly futile to most Irishmen.



Irony Behind the Curtain

THE EAST GERMAN president, Otto Grotewohl, was "negotiating" in Moscow. After listening for a long time in silence, he made a move to say something.

Immediately, he was interrupted by one of the Soviet leaders. "Comrade Grotewohl," thundered the Russian "when we want to hear your opinion, we will tell you what to say."

NANA (12 Oct. '55).



A FOREIGN NEWSPAPERMAN in Moscow ended a letter to his editors by remarking, "I hope this letter reaches you. The Soviet censorship of the mails is sometimes very strict." A few days later the letter was returned to him. Attached was a note stating: "Not forwarded because of false statements concerning the Soviet Union. There is no censorship of mails within the territory of the Soviet Union."

St. Paul Pioneer Press (14 Oct. '55).



WHEN CLEMENT ATTLEE visited Yugoslavia last year, Tito took him to see the sights, and feted his party with feasting and drinking. He kept asking what Attlee thought about Yugoslavia and its program.

"I am much impressed with your progress," Attlee replied finally, "but I am much disturbed because I have not met my counterpart in Yugoslavia—the leader of the opposition."

Quoted in the Milwaukee Journal (15 Aug. '54).

Tranquillity is the best medicine—and it's free



Take it Easy! Live Longer!

Condensed from
*Changing Times**



YOU CAN LIVE longer than you think you can. The statisticians may predict a life span of 65 years for you. The doctors may set a time limit on you. But you can fool them all. How? Simply by wanting to live.

Only recently, scientists have recognized what many people have long known: the will to live can override all but the final death sentence. The hospital patient's chart may show that death is approaching, but if he tells the nurse each morning that he will soon be out, he may be a good bet to fool the chart. The one who eases his grasp on the strands of life and sinks gratefully into the escape of illness may very well bring on his own death unintentionally despite all that science can do.

Doctors now know that emotional upsets can make you sick, and conversely, that emotional health can keep you well, or at least help your body combat illness. Happiness, cheerfulness, fun, and love

can help you into a comfortable old age.

Naturally, not all illnesses have an emotional cause. But some people come down with the "bugs" that float around, whereas others equally exposed escape. And some people survive illnesses that kill others.

Differences in constitutional strength cannot provide the whole answer. Many scientists have come to the conclusion that at least 50% of the persons who parade through doctors' offices suffer from illnesses caused by unpleasant emotions.

If unhappiness is truly the No. 1 cause of ill health, as so many doctors are beginning to feel, then we need to know what unhappy emotions do to mess up the body's functions.

One part of our nervous system—called the sympathetic system—deals with emergencies. In conditions of fear or stress, it raises the blood pressure, pours fuel into muscles, and stimulates the glands

*The Kiplinger Magazine, 1729 H St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C. August 1955. © 1955 by the Kiplinger Washington Agency, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

to send hormones into the blood system.

If emotions are healthy, the stimulation is neither too strong nor too weak. Then we feel good. But overstimulation caused by stress produces an unpleasant sensation and an upset in the hormone production. This can result in a wide variety of illnesses.

Stress may come from infection, overexertion, starvation, exposure to heat or cold, and many other factors. But the most severe stress comes from emotions, and it acts in exactly the same way as the physical stresses.

If unpleasant emotions are so bad for your health, cheerful emotions are your first line of defense against illness. If you can live in tranquility much of the time and make adjustments to the inevitable bad times, you are preserving life by not shortening it.

Here are eight ways by which you can live longer, and get more out of life.

1. Quit worrying about your health. If tension has already given you chronic fatigue, depression, vague aches and pains or even more serious symptoms, don't stay away from the doctor's office for fear of his diagnosis. Have a physical checkup, and if it reveals no serious organic difficulty, accept the verdict sensibly and gratefully.

2. Have fun. Play is perhaps the soundest and safest way we have of working off aggression. When

you swat a golf or tennis ball, you don't feel quite so much like taking a swat at your wife, your children, or your boss.

It is a way, too, of working off your competitive urge. If you win a game of bridge, you feel good. But if you lose, you can always say, "Oh, well, it's only a game." Always remember that the definition of true play is "a pleasurable activity in which the means is more important than the end." Otherwise, it would be work.

Passive play—attending the theater, looking at works of art, listening to music—is important, too, as a tension killer.

Having a hobby will make you a happier person, but choose activities that counteract your basic faults. Are you a pessimist? Try gardening. Are you too withdrawn from people? Get into a community project. Does your work keep you in constant verbal bouts with other people? Choose a solo pursuit like stamp collecting or painting.

Everyone, by now, must realize that vacations are essential to recreate a man or woman weary of the daily grind. But we too often nullify their effects by making our vacations more work than fun. We go too far and do too much, we spend too much money and worry about it, we fret about undone chores and need ceaseless activity to forget them. Make your vacations truly pleasurable.

3. Enjoy work, but don't live solely for it. Everyone needs work to be content. But it is a mistake to make it the be-all and end-all of existence. Sooner or later, the time comes when men retire and children leave home. Then the bottom can drop out of everything, leaving no incentive for living. You need, of course, to hit the happy medium: satisfying work you enjoy but which does not enslave you.

4. Conquer your work jitters. You may have to worry about your job, whether it involves bossing 100 men or raising a couple of kids, but don't make a federal case out of every problem.

To master work nerves, try these tricks. Learn to be decisive. Delegate those jobs you can, put tiny details in their proper perspective, and prevent worrisome pile-ups by getting jobs done on time. Quit fretting over minor crises. Most of them will be forgotten next week, anyway.

5. Keep life simple. Striving for the unnecessary trimmings of life can make you old before your time. Learn to be satisfied with your lot. Quit wanting so much. Your situation isn't so bad as that of many, though it is almost sure to be worse than some. And if things are so all-fired bad that you cannot be content, stop moping, and do something about them. There is usually an escape if your energies aren't

completely used up in empty rebellion and self-pity.

6. Make the most out of right now. Enjoy each moment, psychologists say, and explore it for cheerful aspects. Man needs to hope and dream, but emotionally he cannot stand brooding over his dreams.

Those nasty little moments of depression or disappointment can be gotten through by a dream of better things to come, but in the long run you will avoid more nasty moments and keep yourself fit to meet the really rough going by developing an attitude of calmness and courage—right now.

7. Make family life mutually enjoyable. Home is for morale. It should inspire confidence and foster the ability to make the best of things. To establish such an atmosphere, there must be mutual affection, equality, and kindly cheerfulness. Discipline is needed, but it should be administered pleasantly. More important, there should be a feeling that the family is an enterprise in which everyone takes part.

8. Don't blow your top. No matter what you have heard about the value of blowing off steam, it is destructive. It is almost sure to wreck something. In the wreckage may be a potentially pleasant experience, a human relationship that you learn too late is important to you, or even a slice off your life span.

A MAN NEVER KNOWS HOW MUCH HE can do until he tries
to undo what he has done.


Frances Rodman in *Look* (4 Oct. '55).

A SMALL BOY
GOES CHRISTMAS SHOPPING





To earn money for Christmas presents, Billy Johns goes to work as a part-time helper for a newspaper carrier.

ILLY JOHNS, age 10, began earning his Christmas-shopping money early. In September, he persuaded a newspaper carrier to hire him as a part-time helper.

Billy wanted to earn enough to buy Christmas gifts for his parents and older brothers and grandmother.

Soon, gaily colored decorations were going up in the stores. The shopping district in Billy's home town, Hempstead, L. I., was trans-

formed into a fairyland of colored lights and tinsel.

By putting aside some of his earnings each week, Billy had saved \$10.22 by the time the Christmas shopping season arrived. Then his real problem arose.

He had thought that shopping was easy enough. But he soon discovered some harsh facts of economics—: that \$10.22 doesn't buy all a boy wants to get, the \$7 catcher's mask for his older brother, the \$3.50 tie clasp and cuff links for

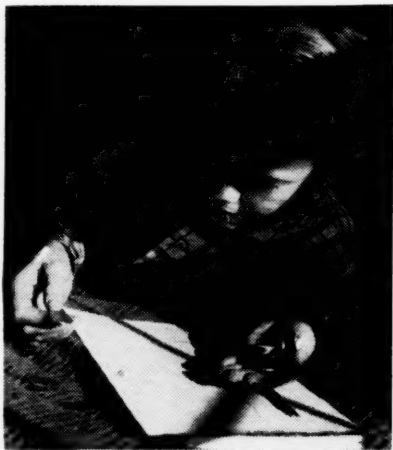


his oldest brother, the \$5 bottle of perfume for his mother, and the rest. Then, among the choices confronting him, Billy found the assortment positively bewildering.

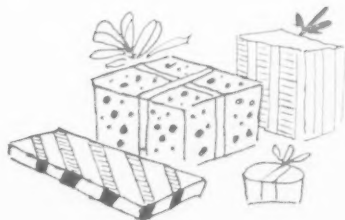
After delivering his share of papers in the morning, Billy headed for the business district. There he window-shopped nearly all morning. He went into a few stores to give items careful examination, and even treated himself to a dish of ice cream. But he evened the score with a contribution to a charity wishing well.

Finally, Billy wandered into a department store and went from section to section making his choices. Like so many of us, he knew he finally had to shop or he'd have no gifts for those he loved.

By 4 o'clock, two large shopping bags surrounding a young man emerged from the department store, and Billy headed for home. He had managed to find a gift for everyone; and he still had 31¢ left. It would be a merry Christmas.



Each month he saves part of his pay; then makes a list of the family members, and wonders what he should buy.

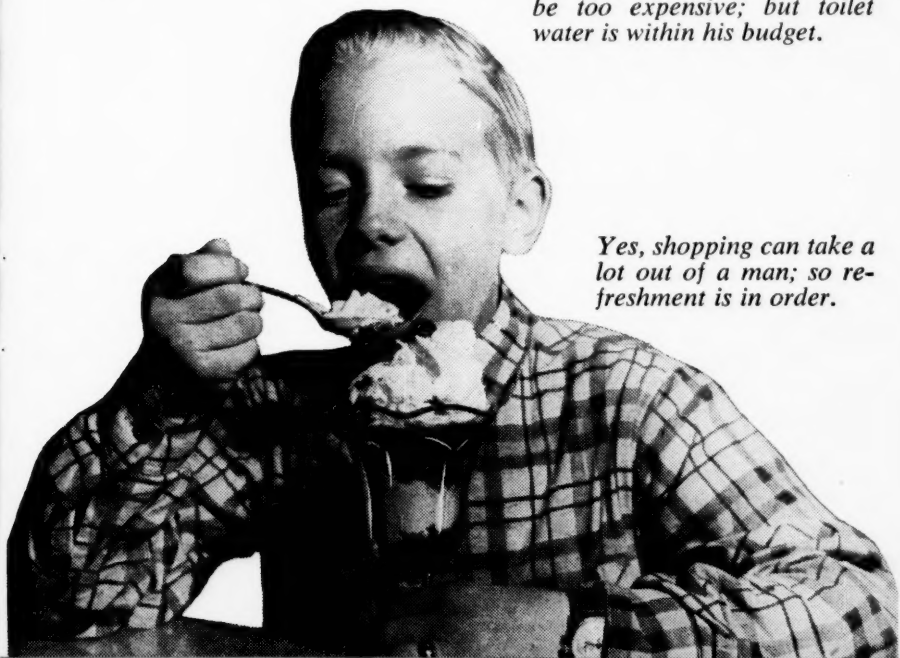




When shopping time arrives, Billy starts at a pet shop; but parakeets are too expensive. He whistles at the birds awhile before he can tear himself away.



Ugh! Billy can't conceal his distaste when he gets a whiff of this perfume. Turns out to be too expensive; but toilet water is within his budget.



Yes, shopping can take a lot out of a man; so refreshment is in order.



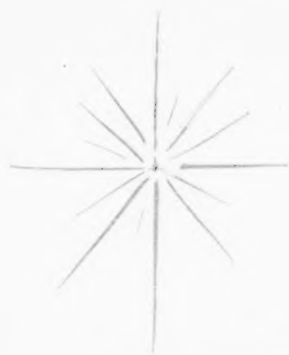
After walking nearly three miles around the downtown district of Hempstead, Billy walks into a department store.



Pa would like a fishing rod. But the price is too steep.



For his brother (and himself), Billy would like to buy a catcher's mask.



Photography by Orlando
Three Lions

*A last-minute choice was this
doll for a girl cousin.*



*Back home again, Billy tries to
steal into the house unnoticed. He
made it easily; no one was at home.*

He's a valiant critic; he and his wife are successful playwrights



Mr. & Mrs. Kerr of Broadway



By JOHN K. HUTCHENS

WALTER KERR, former Catholic University of America professor, and Jean Kerr, his wife and former student, have won distinction and popularity in the theatrical world. Times Square is a better, happier place as a result of their activities.

Walter Francis Kerr, 42, covers Broadway first nights. He represents the New York *Herald Tribune* as one of the country's major drama critics. Jean, attractive, witty, and mother of four sons, is co-author of *King of Hearts*, a comedy hit of the 1953-54 Broadway season, and now being made into a movie for Bob Hope and George Sanders.

As Broadway judges such matters, the Kerrs' success was fairly sudden. Actually, it climaxed a long, solid preparation. Kerr's preparation began back in 1926 in his native Evanston, Ill. There, at the age of 13, he was film critic for a local weekly and an observant patron of the show-a-week stock companies. For Mrs. Kerr, born Jean Collins, it started with the writing of undergraduate shows at Marywood College, Scranton, Pa.

Young instructor Kerr of Catholic University, dropping in at Marywood in 1941 to see a *Romeo and Juliet* production in which a friend was appearing, met Miss Collins. He suggested that she take his summer playwriting course. She did, that year and the next. In 1943, on her graduation from Marywood, they were married.

Walter already had been making theater history at the Catholic university. After arriving there in 1938, fresh from Northwestern University (B.S., '37; M.A., '38), he founded the renowned Catholic University Theater and became one of its busiest authors. There, with his assistance, the now popular musical biography form (a composer's or star's life set to the music of his biggest hits) was born.

With one collaborator or another, Kerr wrote and staged shows centering on the careers of George M. Cohan, Eddie Dowling, and Joe Cook. Starting from scratch, the theater soon boasted a \$50,000-a-season subscription list, guaranteeing any production three weeks of capacity audiences. The word got

around that here was one of America's most dynamic experimental theaters. New York producers began dropping in.

One producer took a fancy to a musical comedy by Kerr and Leo Brady, *Count Me In*, and produced it on Broadway in 1942. "Count me out," said the *Herald Tribune* critic whom Kerr was to succeed. "It was a beaut," says Kerr, wryly describing the flop. But two years later he was back with *Sing Out, Sweet Land*, a cavalcade of American folk music, and this time the luck was better: three months on Broadway, three months on the road.

It was Kerr's first directing job in the New York theater. He admits now that he was shaky about this assignment. Established New York actors like Burl Ives and Albert Drake, he suspected, would embarrass him by knowing more about the working theater than he. He needn't have worried. Players seldom see beyond their own roles, and few of them come into a playhouse with anything like Kerr's broad knowledge as director, critic, scholar.

He had learned, back in Evanston days, the basic formulas of what goes and what doesn't. He began learning from the inside as an undergraduate writer at DePaul university and Northwestern. When his family was hit hard by the depression in 1933, he left DePaul to work in the Fox Films booking

exchange. There he wrote minstrel shows, staging them for the Elks or any other organization that would let him, and wound up selling a group of his sketches for \$400.

That sum, plus a scholarship, got him to Northwestern. There he turned out campus musicals and served as publicity director for the university theater. The sketches, *Snappy Blackouts*, were marketed for 35¢, but are now collectors' items.

Catholic University, recruiting him in 1938 for its drama and speech department, clearly knew what it was doing. Kerr, passing up a \$5,000-a-year radio job in Chicago to teach at \$40 a week, knew what he was doing, too. The theater was his first love.

Separately and together, the Kerrs went on writing and learning during his stay at Catholic University. His student became his bride. "When I wrote my first play for Professor Kerr," she says, "he said, 'Honey, it's just awful.' He kept at me to write so that I wouldn't interfere with *his* writing."

Some of the learning came the hard way. Their dramatization of Franz Werfel's novel, *The Song of Bernadette*, written for student production, found its way to Broadway in 1946. It failed. So did Mrs. Kerr's *Jenny Kissed Me*, in 1948, also produced originally at Catholic University.

But with their gay revue *Touch and Go*, presented by George Abbott for six months in New York and another six in London, the groundwork phase obviously was over. On the strength of that hit, Kerr gave up teaching, came from Washington to New York in 1950 as drama critic of the *Commonweal*, springboard to his present *Herald Tribune* post.

Searching for a new drama critic in the fall of 1951, the paper had planned to test several candidates from a list of hopefuls that would have filled a New York theater. It never bothered to go beyond Kerr. A good newspaper drama critic is one who writes with authority, style, and speed. Kerr lost no time in demonstrating that he had each quality. The authority and the style had been apparent in his weekly *Commonweal* reviews. His speed, under the grinding pressure of a midnight deadline, remained to be tested. He came through.

Said *Variety*, show-business weekly, a few months later, "Click of Walter F. Kerr as drama critic of the N.Y. *Herald Tribune* is regarded in Broadway circles as one of the notable developments of the 1951-52 season . . . a stimulating new viewpoint in the New York theater."

About the challenge of that deadline he was "terribly tense" at first. He is still somewhat so, and glad of it. When he feels too relaxed, he

says, he is in danger of writing a sluggish piece. (*Herald Tribune* readers will tell you they have never seen a sluggish Kerr piece.) The lead, that all-important first paragraph designed to catch the eye and the interest, came hard for a while. Now it comes faster—fortunately, because his final deadline has been set ahead to 11:40 P.M. There is no time for proofreading, so he checks over a carbon of his review on the train for his Larchmont home, and phones in corrections for the last edition.

Jean usually, but not always, accompanies him to first nights. At first, she says, she went to everything, but "now I've begun to develop a small, cowardly instinct for self-preservation. I find there are two kinds of plays I can bear not to see: plays about troubled adolescents, and plays about the Merchant of Venice."

The Kerrs have demolished a notion of long standing in their profession: that it is fatal for a husband to direct his wife's play. Along with the furniture, books, and children accompanying Mr. and Mrs. Kerr from Washington in 1950 came a promising jumble of a play by Mrs. Eleanore Brooke, housewife, once a student in Kerr's playwriting course. Why, Kerr asked his wife, didn't she have a shot at revising it?

She had several shots, doing most of the work in the family car parked in the side streets of New

Rochelle, cut off from domestic interruptions. In due time, after exchanging a large number of phone calls and filing cards with Mrs. Brooke, she finished the play. But then she ran into that curious prejudice of the managers.

"The reason I want Walter to direct my play is so that he won't have to review it," Mrs. Kerr lightly told their friends. Having had their share of husband-and-wife crises in the theater, producers took a dim view of the proposal. Mrs. Kerr insisted. A brave producer finally took a chance, and rehearsals proceeded with the greatest amiability. *King of Hearts* ran eight months on Broadway. Kerr has since had some 30 offers to direct.

For obvious reasons, he did not review *King of Hearts* for the *Herald Tribune*. But he could hardly disregard two skits by his wife in John Murray Anderson's *Almanac*, though he came close. "Two of the sketches," he wrote, "are by Jean Kerr, a sketch writer who is all in all to me. Her sketches are all in all to me, too, and if I haven't exactly expanded on their virtues it isn't because I am bashful. It's just that we've got to keep some sense of proportion around the house. This country is run by women as it is."

Within a week after he began on the *Herald Tribune*, sharp-eyed Broadwayites recognized his sensitivity to the deserving play, his

impatience with the tawdry. "Delusions of adequacy" was his devastating salute in an early review to a manager who chose to present himself in his own 4th-rate show. Broadway knew then that it had a brisk new phrasemaker as well as a discerning critic. "Tough" is Shubert Alley's respectful word for Kerr's standards. Yet the very basis of his judgments, and the theme of his recent book, *How Not to Write a Play*, is his belief that the theater is nothing at all if it is not a popular art.

No book in recent years has better diagnosed the theater's major artistic ailment: its adherence to wornout patterns, its substitution of atmosphere for action, of trivia for Shakespearean splendor and excitement. It is no wonder, Kerr thinks, that the theater has lost so large a section of its audience to the films. It is not because it was too good for that audience, but because it was not good enough.

Let young playwrights remember, he suggests, that every great play has come out of the popular theater, that the stuff of drama is the stuff of human experience, that the folks out front are never to be talked down to. Beyond this, Kerr managed also to offer a theater craftsman's constructive advice to aspiring dramatists: don't worry about theme and thesis; don't forget that story is action plus change plus conflict; keep away from abstraction.

"If I could have read it at the beginning of my career, it would have saved me 20 years," a prominent stage and screen author wrote to Kerr.

With the four younger Kerrs—Christopher, 9; Colin and John, twins, 4; Gilbert, 2—Mr. and Mrs. Kerr moved last May into a large house on the Westchester shore of Long Island Sound. It was built by Charles B. King, pioneer auto man-

ufacturer with eccentric tastes in architecture, and has a clock tower with chimes, a fountain in a court, a drawing-room ceiling lifted intact from a Vanderbilt mansion, a study taken from a Hudson-river passenger boat. It vaguely suggests the background for a somewhat extravagant melodrama, and any passerby is likely to describe it as the ideal dwelling for dedicated people of the theater.

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• • In Our Parish • •

In our parish young Jimmy was studying hard to become an altar boy, even though we lived ten miles out in the country and transportation was something of a problem. Practice periods at church worked out well so long as they took place during school hours.

However, a crisis arose when an altar boys' meeting was set for 2 P.M. one Saturday afternoon. The car was needed for another purpose, and Jimmy's mother asked him how necessary Jimmy's meeting would be.

"Mom, I've just got to go," Jimmy said. "We're going to get measured for our caskets."

Mrs. Harry Burridge.

✧

In our parish the audience at the school pageant was roaring with laughter. Five first-graders, carrying big cardboard letters, had been assigned to open the show by spelling out *Hello*, and only the first four had reached the stage.

Sister Agnes was almost in tears. She coaxed and pleaded, but Johnny, who played *O*, didn't want to be an actor. "I want to go home! I want to go home!" he shouted.

"But your mother is waiting for you out front," Sister Agnes explained again and again. "She will be so proud of you when she sees you on the stage."

Sister finally won out. Johnny manfully shouldered his *O*, marched on-stage, and—of course—took his place at the wrong end of the line. The pageant was a great success.

Brother Marian, O.S.B.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]

How Cathy Became a Nun

Her violin, like her doll, books, and skates, was abandoned for more important things

By HER MOTHER

THREE-YEAR-OLD Cathy was pretty mad. She wanted more bedtime stories, and I wanted to stop. When I gave her my final No, she announced, in carefully controlled voice, "If you won't read me another story, I'll leave this house and go to the poor Little Sisters of the Poor!"

She tossed her brown curls defiantly, packed her pajamas in her doll suitcase, struggled into her coat, and thrust her red velvet bonnet onto her rebellious little head. Then, with the air of a princess, she strode out the front door to carry out her threat.

I followed her, and told her, as calmly as possible, that I would call a cab for her, because it was too dark and cold for her to walk the three blocks alone. Then I closed the door, and watched her through a window.

Presently, the doorbell rang. My little rebel said meekly, "I've changed my mind."

I gathered her close, and the whole family said they were glad she had reconsidered. Cathy unpacked, and prepared for bed. I was tempted to read the extra story, after all; but I did not yield.

That was my daughter's first announcement concerning the Little Sisters. The next time, when she was 16½, it was not so amusing.

Cathy was the first baby in our family in six years, and she held the title of baby for 11 years more. She was born the day before Christmas Eve, and thus

identified herself forever with this beautiful season. She was an exquisite child, healthy and happy; the idol of grandmother, uncles, and aunts; the joy of my heart.

I had maintained my own music studies for years before Cathy was born, and it was necessary for me to continue my work in music after she came. But this adorable child was my rarest blessing from



God, and I determined that no career, however necessary, should encroach upon time that belonged to her. I gave up music teaching, and turned to writing. From her 4th to her 12th year, I worked in the program and advertising departments of a radio network. I could choose my own working hours.

Suddenly, my baby was six years old, and ready for school. Every mother knows the pain of the first wrenching away, and how big and empty a house can be without childish prattle and gay laughter.

Cathy's early days at the parish school were fraught with the difficulties of the average 1st grader. Often, she would come home distressed, and we would consider the problem together. "Was this really very important?" Usually, she decided that it was not.

At the end of her first week in school, Cathy was ironing doll clothes while her grandmother and I were preparing dinner. Suddenly, she exclaimed, "Ouch, this iron's hot as hell!" My mother was aghast. I, too, was jolted, but I maintained a calm exterior as I asked Cathy to repeat what she had said. She did!

My mother remarked that little girls, in her day, called hell the "home of the bad man." Without losing a moment from her ironing, Cathy said, with unmistakable emphasis, "Hell's its name, and hell's

what I'm calling it." She was right, and she had defended the truth. I was secretly delighted, though I did say that she must ask grandmother to forgive her tone of voice.

As Cathy grew up, she and I went on vacation jaunts—that I could not afford. How often did I remark when we were on a delightful excursion, "Oh, these are good days!" I was all-important to Cathy; she wanted me to share her every experience.

I prayed daily to the Holy Ghost for wisdom and courage to "let go" when the time should be over for "holding." I had seen children maimed in spirit by mothers who, in their selfishness, refused to abdicate at the proper time.

Meanwhile, I had organized neighborhood children into a group called the Back Yard Players, in summer, and the Fireside Players, in winter. Sometimes we would go to the home of the Little Sisters, and entertain them and the old folks with songs, readings, and music.

Cathy was even more musical than I; when she was very small she showed extraordinary musical talent. She loved the rhythm of poetry. When she was a mere baby, I used to recite poems for her, although I knew that she did not always understand them. Once when she was two, she mixed jelly with scrambled eggs on her breakfast plate. I chided her with, "Of all the messes I ever did see . . ."

Quick as a flash, she came back, "‘But only God can make a tree.’"

She began playing the piano when she was four. Soon, she was playing whole songs by ear after hearing them once.

One of my radio accounts was a music store. Cathy made friends there with a German violin maker. He made a violin especially for her, and gave it to her as a Christmas-birthday gift when she was 11. Before six months of lessons had elapsed, we knew that Cathy was no ordinary music pupil.

Honors were soon coming to her in rapid succession. Two weeks before her 13th birthday, she appeared as soloist with the Youth Symphony, playing 1st violin. Applause was deafening and prolonged; she was recalled six times. On the streets, in restaurants and in stores, people would stop her and praise her.

Now she was invited to play full programs at colleges and universities, at home and in other cities. When she was 15, a young lawyers' fraternity at a Southern college selected her to give their spring concert. I always played her accompaniments. Those concerts and the daily practice hours are among my richest memories of my precious, fleeting years with Cathy. By this time, she was earning money from television, radio, and civic-club engagements.

While she was in high school, three offers of college scholarships

came her way. A summer music camp awarded her a five-week scholarship; she could play under the baton of some of the finest conductors in America. Cathy accepted it, but only on condition that she could continue her habit of attending daily Mass.

Cathy loved swimming, dancing, and horseback riding. Her uncle and aunt let her use their membership card in a country club, and she often took her friends there for swimming and lunches. Her aunt and uncle honored her on her 16th birthday with a dance. She loved every minute of it, as well as the exquisite blue formal dress they gave her. Nevertheless, she rejected three opportunities to join sororities; she said the expense was out of proportion to value received—moreover, she would not get involved in anything that might interfere with her music. My cup of joy ran over when, in one school year, Cathy won high dramatic, oratorical, and literary honors.

I now believe that God gave Cathy those triumphs that they might be my consolation later. Cathy herself remained unaffected, and talked more and more about her "vocation." I listened with pride, and always my comment was the same: that I would be honored if God should choose her—after college, at 21; but I never prayed that she would have a vocation. I prayed only that she might do God's will in all things and remain

always on good terms with Him.

In January, after her 16th birthday, Cathy said, "Mother, would you be dreadfully disappointed if I did not go to college? I do so want to enter the convent, soon."

My reply did not come immediately. Then I told her that if she should wish to marry after high school I should have to give my consent; therefore, I would make the same allowance for a Religious vocation. "But," I added, "we'll discuss it fully when the time comes." I do not like to recall the agony I knew after Cathy's momentous request to skip college.

In May, Cathy asked for a white formal, with a wide, wide skirt. She had been asked to the Junior Prom at the Catholic boys' high school.

She did get the dress, of course. She wore it again, a week later, when she played at a college where Senator Kefauver was being honored. The senator congratulated her heartily, and predicted that she would one day be a great concert artist.

On the way home, Cathy remarked, "Mother, playing to big audiences and to notable persons is thrilling. Applause is like music to the ears. But today the world applauds; tomorrow it turns its back."

I could not reply. She had spoken the absolute truth; and my heart turned cold. I was becoming more aware each day of the power

of the Force that was calling my darling from me.

Cathy's pleas became more insistent. I began grasping at moral straws; I set myself up as a sort of "devil's advocate."

For two years, Cathy had gone every Saturday, after symphony rehearsal, to help the Little Sisters of the Poor for three hours. Rehearsals were strenuous. I told Cathy that she needed relaxation after them. She said that she found helping the Little Sisters just the right kind of relaxation. She had been slipping in some extra week-day visits. I took a stand. I told her she would go less often to the Little Sisters—and that she would enter no convent until her 18th birthday.

I told myself that I was acting in Cathy's best interest. When I took time to analyze my reasons carefully, I knew that I was primarily concerned with my own selfish ambitions. "The Little Sisters, of all Communities!" The sparkle in my little girl's big brown eyes could now be seen only after her visits to the Little Sisters.

Once I remarked to Cathy that perhaps when she was old enough to enter, she would want to join a teaching Order. Her simple reply was, "Mother, I don't have a vocation to teach."

That settled it. No child of mine would be forced into any profession distasteful to her. But I did not give up entirely. "Since nursing

appeals to you, there are children's hospitals, staffed by nuns. And old people are trying and cantankerous, even revolting at times."

"Mother," Cathy answered, "there will always be girls who want to take care of the children. Few like old people; that is why I want to be a Little Sister of the Poor."

Nevertheless, I argued on. My aunt, a nun, had once said that she was glad she had been a teaching Sister, because she had prepared so many little ones for First Communion.

Cathy explained that after a child was prepared for First Communion no one knew where he would go from there; "but," she said, "when we prepare the old people for death we know where they are going."

On another occasion, I said, "How can you condemn yourself to live with old people?"

"Mother dear," was the surprising answer, "I'll not live with the old people. I'll work for them, just as you work for your employers. I shall live with my Community."

Who could beat such arguments? They seemed inspired.

I reminded her of her music. That would be a dreadful sacrifice, indeed, she agreed, but one that would have to be made, just as it probably would have to be made if she should marry. It dawned on me that her violin, like her dolls and books and skates, must be abandoned in favor of more important things.

"You have been influenced by the Sisters," I charged, frantically.

Unruffled, Cathy explained that we have all been influenced by someone: the girl who marries, by the man who asks her; the public, by advertisers. "The Little Sisters," she went on, "by their love of God, their devotion to religious duties, and their service to the aged have revealed the kind of life that appeals to me. Yes, indirectly, they *have* influenced me."

"Does a girl have to enter a convent to lead a pious life?"

"Of course not," Cathy said, "but the routine of convent life—daily Mass, meditations, spiritual exercises, and, most of all, the freedom from worldly distractions—all these enable one to draw closer to God."

"But the *begging*!"

"Oh, mother," said Cathy, sweetly, "many Little Sisters never go out begging. It takes a special talent for that, and I doubt very much that I have such a talent."

"Just the same," I blazed away, "I'll sign no papers for you to enter at 16. It's absurd." But even as I spoke, I knew that I had lost the fight.

Desperately, I turned to St. Anne. I had prayed to her before Cathy was born, asking simply that Cathy might be good. I began a novena which was to end on St. Anne's feast day. Next day, Cathy asked me if she might enter on the feast of St. Anne!

On July 24, two days before St.

Anne's feast, Cathy returned home from a date. I asked her if she had enjoyed it. She replied sadly, "Mother, it's a sin for me to let Joe spend money on me when I know exactly what I want to do with my life." She put her arms around me as she spoke.

"Oh, that again?" I remarked dully.

"Mother, you asked for it when you inquired about my date."

Suddenly, I became angry—with myself. How did I know whether she was too young to know what she wanted? What she wanted to do was noble and good. I was refusing my child the right to choose her own way of life. The time had come to "let go."

Hopelessly, I said, "Cathy, darling, if this is your happiness that I am holding in my hands, I shall give it to you. I'll sign your papers, and you may enter the convent on St. Anne's day."

Cathy threw her arms about me and danced me around the room. My heart died within me. The Sisters were stunned. The following Sunday, at 1:45 P.M., Cathy walked out of the home where she had been so tenderly loved for 16½ precious years.

This time, as I told you before, her departure was not amusing. I knew that no doorbell would ring announcing her return. She strode down the steps, and went straight to the home of the Little Sisters, three blocks away.

The conflict within me was frightful. One moment I knew that I had done right; the next, I was convinced that I had made a wretched mistake.

I visited Cathy frequently in the local home, and always found her in high spirits and glowing health. By the grace of God, I shed no tears in her presence, but nothing could stop my weeping at home. The sight of her violin on the top of the piano was unbearable. My sister understood, and packed it away. I asked myself over and over, "How can she be happy?"

On my visits to Cathy, I avoided the subject of music. She always walked to the gate with me, bubbling with happiness. But one day she seemed wistful. "Oh, mother, I miss our practice hours so terribly! And my violin! How I long to play it!"

My heart leaped. Maybe the silent strings would call her home! But I determined that it would be they, not I, that would do it. I told her that she could come at any time, and would be greeted with open arms; on the other hand, if she decided to go on to her profession, I would be behind her every step of the way. In parting, I said, "Anything worth having is costly. If the violin is worth more to you than this life you have chosen, God will let you know. He gave you a great talent. He will make it known to you whether you are to use that talent in his service or offer it as

payment for the privilege of a vocation."

I did not mention the matter again, nor did Cathy, until after she had gone to the provincial house in another city. Then, when I visited her for the first time there, she told me that no price was too great to pay for the great blessing of her vocation. "Am I," she said, "to continue looking backward to the lovely life I've left, or shall I look forward to the lovely life I've chosen?"

As I took my leave, I again told her that she could come home if she became unhappy.

"Mother," she smiled, "the sorriest thing in the world would be a Little Sister who was not happy. She'd be no good to anybody. Never fear. They'd send me home if I became unhappy!"

That night I wept while others slept in the train that roared toward home, and away from Cathy. I knew that she was already a Little Sister of the Poor.

Upon every visit since Cathy entered, I have been more and more impressed with the gaiety that pervades the homes of the Little Sisters. They make a fourth vow, of hospitality, and they fulfill it faithfully. Every time I visit Cathy I am once more aware of the old-world charm and culture which permeates this Order that was founded in France more than 100 years ago. When I arrive, the Sisters seem to say, "At last!" and at leave-taking, "So soon?"

I soon learned that the Communities have a cosmopolitan atmosphere. In a single group of 12 or 13 Sisters, you may find five nationalities represented. Among them are linguists and teachers, musicians and artists, who take no personal pride in the gifts received from God. They chose to be Little Sisters because they can completely and utterly lose themselves in striving toward the perfection of the Rule of the Order.

As a parent of a Little Sister, I find myself treated with the deference, courtesy, and consideration that might be accorded royalty. When parents visit daughters, the old-time family life is temporarily restored. The daughter devotes her time to them—except for her spiritual exercises, she is relieved of her usual duties during the visit. She enjoys every meal at table with her loved ones, served in a private dining room by another Sister. I am honored not



only by my own daughter but by every Sister in the Community.

No, never, by word or deed, do I intend to mar Cathy's happiness. I don't understand the mystery of a vocation. But neither can parents always understand why a son or daughter must marry a certain girl or man. It is the lot of parents to be perplexed; enough for them to realize that each child is a separate entity, cast by God each in a different mold.

Indeed, since Cathy became a nun peace is the undercurrent of all my emotions. I can rest in the knowledge that she is secure and

safe and supremely happy. I have the satisfaction of knowing that I gave her this joy; I could have made her wait until she was 21.

My hour of triumph came when Cathy told me that throughout eternity she would thank God for a mother who permitted her to give Him her life while she was still so young. Day by day, I am realizing more fully the words of Holy Scripture: "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first of all thy fruits: and thy barns shall be filled with abundance, and thy presses shall run over with wine."

Inflation, It's Terrible!

TWO BUSINESSMEN, dining in an expensive restaurant, were having a heated discussion. Finally, to settle the matter, they agreed to toss a coin. Each searched his pockets, but found he didn't have any change.

One of them beckoned to a waiter. "Could you lend us a dime? We're trying to settle an argument."

"Certainly, sir," replied the waiter, handing him the coin.

The coin was tossed, the argument settled, and the matter forgotten. Much later, after the businessmen had finished their dinner and were preparing to leave, they called for the check. The first item gave them a start: "Loan of dime 15¢."

M.M.



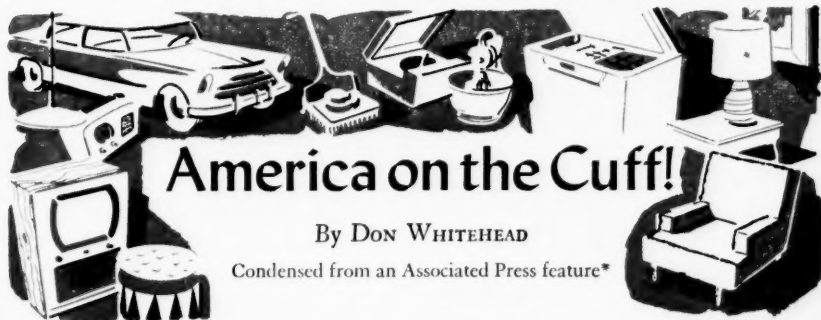
WHEN HUGH CULLEN, the Texas oil and real estate tycoon, announced that he was giving five million dollars to the University of Houston, one of the local newspapers erroneously reported the figure as \$15 million. Cullen immediately called up the publisher and demanded an explanation.

"We're frightfully sorry, Mr. Cullen," the publisher replied. "My editor tells me that it was just a typographical error that got by the proofreaders. You know how those things can happen on a newspaper. We realize the embarrassment to you—being so embarrassed ourselves."

"Well, all right, I'll make it fifteen this time, since you've said so. But don't let it happen again!"

The Montrealer.

U.S. citizens are taking the credit and letting the cash go



America on the Cuff!

By DON WHITEHEAD

Condensed from an Associated Press feature*

MAIN ST., U.S.A., is a big, wide, wonderful world of easy credit. It's a treasure lane where houses, automobiles, stoves, refrigerators, vacations, television sets, furniture, clothes—literally everything—can be bought on the cuff.

"Buy now and pay later!" is Main St.'s theme song. It's a street that encourages debt in a competitive fight for business. It's a place where young people like Jim and Helen Delaney are slicing up a \$64.60 take-home wage each week, mixing the money with easy credit, and achieving at least temporarily a standard of living far beyond the dreams of people in any other land.

It's a place where the Jim Delaneys and their neighbors no longer avoid debt as their elders once did. Instead, they are learning to live with debt as a normal way to achieve the kind of life they desire. They don't care to wait for years to have the good things of life. They wish to enjoy them now.

Some people are going over their

heads in debt, tempted by the credit terms which look so easy to meet. The American Collectors estimate that some 6 million families are delinquent in their payments on one or more things they have bought on time.

But on the whole, Americans are paying their bills promptly. The percentage of delinquencies is so low that it's a small problem in this time of prosperity.

In the last few years, consumer credit has climbed to a record peak of more than \$32 billion, or more than \$11 billion in two years. Americans owe \$12½ billion on their automobiles. They've piled up more than \$82-billion worth of mortgages in order to live in houses they can call their own. Mortgage debt has jumped \$12 billion in the last year alone.

The fast upsurge in consumer and mortgage credit has government officials worried—not so much by the size of the debt as the swift pace of its increase. Nobody can

*Washington, D. C., Sept. 18, 1955. © 1955 by the Associated Press, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

say just where it's heading. Some experts think that the debt is growing faster than our ability to pay, measured by income after taxes.

One Federal Reserve system expert says, "I don't know if the rise in consumer debt is too fast or just right."

If it's just right, then everything is wonderful. But if our economy is dependent on increasing income to meet increasing debt, what will happen if we don't continue to increase income at the present rate? There's the danger.

Perhaps, as some government economists say, the nation has entered a new era of prosperity in which the soaring debt total isn't out of line with our ability to pay. After all, even though consumer credit has reached a record level, it represents only 9.3% of personal income after taxes.

If you add the consumer debt and the mortgage debt, the total of \$114 billion is less than half of the nation's income after taxes. People can take care of this debt total without too much trouble as long as employment remains high. Right now, employment is at a record high, with 65 million people at work.

Still, there is an undercurrent of uneasiness for fear the splurge in easy-credit buying could lead to inflation and then perhaps to a depression. The federal government has tightened home-buying credit under its mortgage-insurance pro-

grams. It has increased down-payment requirements. It has cut the longest repayment period to 25 years from 30 years. The Federal Reserve board has discussed with banking and loan leaders the wisdom of too liberal credit.

But government officials don't wish to check things too much. They don't wish to slow down automobile buying, for example, to the point of unemployment in the factories.

In this tight-rope act, what about the Jim Delaneys and their neighbors, the people who are doing the easy-credit buying? How are they managing their debts?

Let's stop in at the house where Jim and Helen Delaney, both 30, live with their two sons, five-year-old Joey and five-month-old David.

Wry Finance

Snodgrass had barely paid off the mortgage on his house when he mortgaged it again to buy a car. Having bought the auto, he went to the same banker again and tried to mortgage the car to build a garage.

Exasperated, the bank official said, sarcastically, "If I do make the loan, how will you get the money to buy gas for the car?"

"Well, it seems to me," replied Snodgrass, "that a fellow who owns his own house, car, and garage should be able to get credit for gas!"

Tracks.

They were married nine years ago, right after Jim was discharged from the navy. He came home with \$900 cash and a \$150 diamond ring in his pocket, and enough blarney to convince Helen that she should marry him.

Jim earns \$72.25 a week, which is close to the average pay earned by American workers. He drives his car into the near-by city five days a week. He works in the office of a large firm, where he supervises stocks and equipment, and makes himself generally useful.

The Delaney home is an asbestos-shingle house which real-estate people call a Cape Cod type. Jim bought it last year, on a GI loan, paying \$1,250 down and assuming a \$10,300, 4%, 25-year mortgage. He and Helen managed to save the down payment during the five years Helen worked in a department store.

Helen, a pretty brunette, is a neat-as-a-pin housekeeper. She studied home economics in high school, and makes most of the clothes for herself and children. She turned out the curtains and drapes on her own sewing machine, for which Jim paid \$144, on time.

The Delaney car is a 1952 Chevrolet sedan (\$800 down and \$67 a month—and it's paid for now, because Helen worked for five months to help with the payments). They also have a combination radio and phonograph (retail, \$300; sale price, \$170); a television set with 17-inch

screen (sale price, \$139, marked down from \$229); gas range and electric refrigerator (these were included in the purchase of the house); a food freezer (marked down from \$449 to \$319 because of a dent in the lid); a window fan to cool the house, a house full of carefully chosen furnishings, and a new living-room rug.

Jim carries \$5,000 of life insurance on himself and \$1,000 each on Helen and the two children. He has \$250 in the bank, but he won't touch that unless there's an emergency, such as an illness.

Each Friday night, the Delaneys put the children into the car and go to the chain grocery. They pile a cart high with food, and they figure it averages out to about \$20 a week, not including milk.

The big debt hanging over the Delaneys now is the \$450 they borrowed from the bank to consolidate a few small bills and to buy the deep freezer. Jim never has trouble getting money from the bank because he has made three previous loans and always repaid them ahead of schedule. His credit rating is good at the department stores, too, because he has paid his bills promptly.

Here is how the Delaneys divide their \$72.25 weekly wage. Rent, including taxes and interest on mortgage, \$16.85; federal income and Social Security taxes, \$7.65; food, \$20; milk, \$2.80; utilities and telephone, \$5; insurance, \$4.09;

hospitalization, \$1.73; union dues, 75¢; payment on bank note, \$5.77. The total is \$64.64, leaving \$7.61 a week for clothing, automobile expenses, recreation.

Occasionally, Jim gets some overtime pay, and that helps to give them a bit more elbow room.

How do the Delaneys manage on these wages to buy a home, an automobile, and all the labor-saving devices and luxuries they have?

"You have to be an angle shooter," Jim explains. "We watch the sales. We don't buy anything unless we get it at a good price. We buy one thing at a time; and when we pay for it, then we buy something else.

"We don't drink and run around nights. About all we do is go to a movie occasionally and have the neighbors in for an evening."

Helen says, "Most of the young people we know are buying everything on time. Most of them have four or five bills coming in every month for things they've bought on time. A lot of them have a new car every year.

"I guess they can afford it better than we can. With most of the people we know, the husband and wife both work and a lot of the men hold down two jobs, a regular day job and then a part-time night job. They do all right."

But what about the future? Do the Jims and Helens worry about the possibility of a depression catching them overloaded with debts? Don't they worry about losing their

homes and their cars and the things they haven't paid for?

Jim says, "I think people our age feel pretty secure. They think the chances are good that we won't have to go to war again. We worry more about enduring another war than we do about a depression.

"It's only the older people who worry about a depression. My father-in-law is always talking about the danger of another depression and warning us we'd better be careful and save our money. He talks about what happened 25 years ago. But Helen and I were only about ten years old then. We don't remember anything about it."

What does Jim think of the government's concern over too easy credit and the tightening up of interest rates?

"Nobody I know pays much attention to it," he said. "I don't believe they'll think much about it unless they go to the bank and find they can't get a loan. If that happens, then they'll start thinking about it."

Jim knows he's skating on thin financial ice, and that a serious illness or a run of bad luck would be a catastrophe. But he figures that he always can make enough to hold onto the house and to buy enough to eat.

His biggest worry right now is how to persuade the boss to give him a pay raise. "If I can just get up to \$100 a week, I'll have it made."

*The faithful have reason to believe that Providence
watches over them during earthquakes*

Nightmare in the Philippines

By DONAL O'MAHONY

D SUPPOSE practically every newspaper in the world carried the story of the terrible earthquake that struck Mindanao, largest island in the southern Philippines, on Friday, April 1. But none of them told the whole story, not even the Catholic press. The story was "dead" by the time the full truth emerged.

The quake, the worst in Philippine history, struck at 2:20 A.M. in the predawn darkness.

For nearly eight hours the earth trembled and shook intermittently. The ground split open. Sand, water, and sulphur fumes oozed from the cracks. Churches crumbled. Villages collapsed. Electric power failed. Some 500 persons were killed. Thousands were injured. People thought it was the end of the world.

Iligan bay, a sharp dagger thrust of blue tropical ocean that comes within ten miles of cutting Mindanao in two, was the center of the quake. The two provinces on its shores, Misamis Occidental and Lanao, bore the brunt of the mighty undersea explosion. The first is a predominantly Catholic area, the second a Mohammedan

stronghold. Both combine to form the Prelature of Ozamis-Lanao. Msgr. Patrick H. Cronin, a Columban missionary from Ireland, is the apostolic administrator.

For 100 miles on both sides of the bay, the land quivered and heaved. At Ozamis City, on the western side of the bay, the massive walls of Fort Santiago, a 249-year-old Spanish fortress, cracked under the strain and sank four feet into the mud. In the plaza, the front half of Immaculate Conception cathedral collapsed in a cloud of dust, showering beams and masonry onto the Columban Sisters' convent, a frame building six feet away.

The superior, Mother Mary Eucharia, was trapped beneath the wreckage, pinned against the floor by a heavy bookcase. The next tremor released her. The seven Columban Sisters hurried out of the doomed convent.

On the other side of the cathedral, the priests in the rectory woke to find their house shaking like a leaf in a storm. Father Con Campion, the pastor, called to Father Eamon Fleming and Father Shih to get out quickly. Unable to



open his jammed bedroom door, he tore a way with his bare hands through a wire air vent next to the ceiling, jumped into the adjoining room, and crawled downstairs to safety.

The cathedral bells, vibrating furiously from the quakes, boomed jangled notes of warning through the darkness. Ozamis, a city of 35,000 inhabitants, was a shambles.

The streets filled with frightened people streaming from the ruins. Mothers called frantically to their children. Babies in arms cried piteously. Fathers anxiously gathered their families around them to make sure that all were present. Dogs howled. Cocks crew.

The ground continued to tremble. Beams splintered and cracked. A tottering wall would crumble down with a muffled thud. A roof would fall in, then another, and another. The headlights of a jeep swept into the plaza, rested a moment on the ruined cathedral, on the twisted rows of houses. The car picked its way through the rubble and across gaping fissures. Monsignor Cronin jumped out, followed by Father Pat Lavin.

Their first thought was for the Sisters. They were assured that the Sisters were safe. But Mother Eucharua was bruised and lame,

and Father Campion bled profusely from glass wounds in feet and legs. They were taken to a doctor for emergency treatment. The priests separated, some going to the hospitals, the others through the town to comfort and hearten their people.

There was no panic. Instead, there was prayer.

"Group after group joined us in the plaza to recite the Rosary," said a Columban Sister. "They stood around in circles or knelt on the quivering streets before pictures of Our Lady of Perpetual Help which they had rescued from the walls of their homes. With candles in their hands, a crowd gathered around a statue of our Lady and sang the *Lourdes Hymn* and *God of Mercy and Compassion*. From all quarters of the town came the strains of *Ave's*, as the people turned confidently to our blessed Mother for protection."

An entire city prepared to spend the night out of doors. It was impossible to sleep, for the earth still shivered. It was a long, uneasy night, with the dawn bringing only more damage to light.

At 5:30, Monsignor Cronin offered Mass in thanksgiving that no one in the parish had been killed. He had only an open-air





altar on the grounds of the ruined cathedral. A priest knelt beside the altar to hold the chalice, and again to hold the monstrance during the Benediction that fol-

lowed, for the tremors were still severe.

"I offered that Mass with a joyful heart," Monsignor Cronin said. "Though several of our parishioners were injured and most of them had suffered great material loss, not one had been killed. Had the quake occurred three hours later, when our churches would have been filled for the First Friday Masses, God only knows how many thousands would have been hurled into eternity, how many would have been maimed for life."

Though he had offered a Mass of Thanksgiving, Monsignor Cronin was far from having an easy mind. Columban missionaries staffed 26 other parishes in Mindanao, besides Ozamis City. How had they fared in the provinces? He had the Sisters to worry about: two Filipino Communities, Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, Columban and Maryknoll Sisters; and some 250,000 Catholics. PAL (Philippine Air Lines) radio messages indicated a mounting death toll in Lanao. Monsignor Cronin could do nothing except wait and pray.

President Ramon Magsaysay was on his way from Manila, 500 miles to the north. He gave a personal donation for the rebuilding of the cathedral; spoke to the citizens, using the mound of cathedral debris as his platform; and hustled off in his plane to inspect other disaster areas.

Meanwhile, Columban priests began to arrive from other towns on the bay. Each had his own nightmarish story of destruction. Bridges were down everywhere. Landslides had made roads impassable in places. But the missionaries had managed to get through.

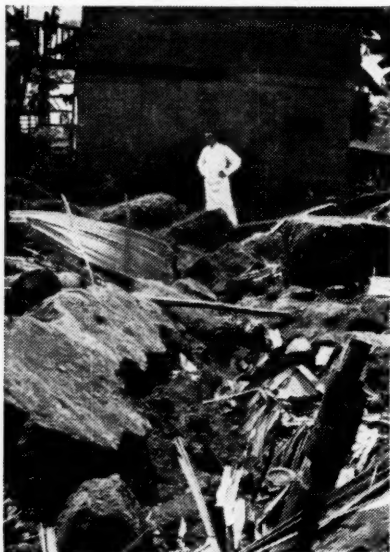
Father Bob Cullen's church in Tangub was a total loss. Bonifacio church could be repaired, but it would cost just as much as rebuilding. Brand new, it had been blessed on St. Patrick's day, just two weeks earlier. The school in Lala was a wreck.

The Kapatagan rectory was flat. Father William Smith, the pastor, had jumped to safety from a second-story window a moment before the house crashed down beside him. Two houseboys who were sleeping on the ground floor were trapped in the ruins, but the beams fell in such a way that they warded off all other debris. Except for some cuts and bruises, the





A huge fissure narrowly missed Father Alban Sueper's church (above) and rectory in Salug parish, Philippines.



boys were unharmed. The church, however, was destroyed. Three Mohammedans in the town were killed.

By 5 P.M., it was evident that Lanao province, center of Mohammedanism in the Philippines, had suffered frightful casualties. Along Lake Lanao, 27 towns were laid prostrate. Up to then, 341 bodies had been recovered from the lake.

The normally calm waters had swept against the western shores in an eight-foot tidal wave. Two thriving towns, Tugaya and Bacolod, were engulfed. In a minute and a half, 462 sleeping people were sucked under.

Dazed as they were from their own narrow escapes, residents of Catholic towns on the Iligan coast were horrified by the news from Moroland. Their hearts were filled with pity for their fellow citizens, who had lost, not just property, but their loved ones. By comparison, Catholic areas had suffered lightly, though material losses were very great.

Never were Holy Week services so thronged as in the days immediately following the great earthquake. In Ozamis, for instance, 20,000 joined in making the Stations of the Cross on Good Friday. "There was nothing to compare with it since the Marian congress," one of the priests wrote home. All the ceremonies were held in the open.

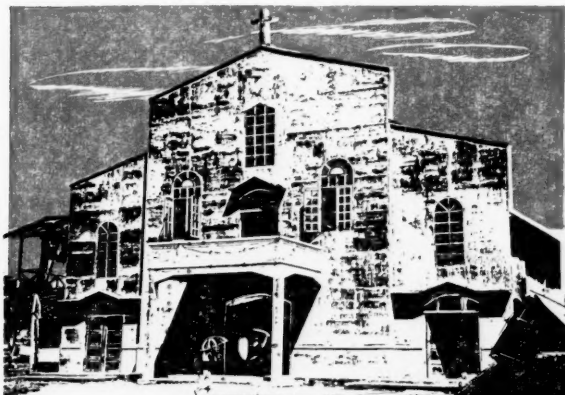
They had much to be thankful

for. Not one Catholic of the 250,000 in the prelature had lost his life as a result of the quake.

Though it would take years, they would rebuild. Columban missionaries there had just completed a development program that included the building of 14 new churches and 17 new schools. They would have to begin all over again.

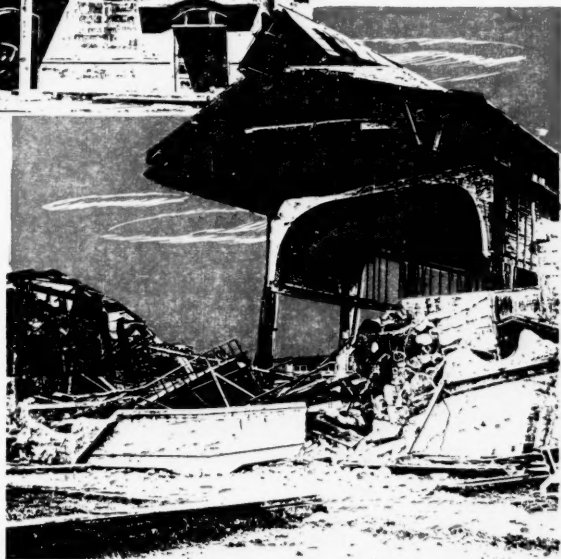
Monsignor Cronin checked his list: utterly destroyed, one cathedral, a parish church, a rectory; very badly damaged, four churches, four schools, two rectories; damaged, every parish plant in the prelature.

"We face the future bravely," he said, "knowing that God watches over us as He did the Israelites of old."



Immaculate Conception cathedral, Ozamis City, Mindanao, before the April 1 earthquake. Parish population is 40,000.

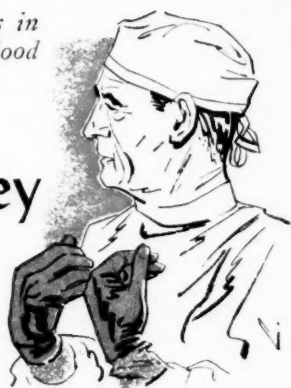
The cathedral after the quake. It was a 70-year-old Spanish-built building. Plans for a new cathedral were being made before the quake, but the old structure would have been retained. Now it has been dismantled.



The Georgetown University hospital pioneers in research with a machine that can filter your blood

The Lifesaving Artificial Kidney

By HERBERT YAHRAES



LITTLE JOHNNY Edwards was about as sick as a boy can get.

First he had come down with a terribly sore throat. Then he developed chills and fever. The thermometer shot up as high as 105°. Penicillin and other antibiotics had hardly begun to work before his kidneys stopped functioning.

The doctor sent Johnny to a hospital, but it didn't help. He passed half a pint of blood, and went into shock. In spite of transfusions, he became severely anemic.

Transferred to the hospital connected with the Medical school of Georgetown university, Johnny continued to grow worse. The poisons ordinarily removed by the kidneys mounted in his system. He developed high blood pressure. He was often out of his mind.

Unless his kidneys could somehow be started up again, the five-year-old was doomed.

At this point, a team of young physicians did something drastic. They moved Johnny to a laboratory room on the 2nd floor of the Georgetown University hospital

and connected him to an odd-looking apparatus.

It consisted of some cellophane tubing about 100 feet long, of fountain-pen diameter. The tubing was wound around a stainless-steel drum, and the drum was suspended lengthwise over a tank about five feet long. The tank contained 100 quarts of a chemical solution, into which the bottom half of the drum was submerged. If you took a clear plastic garden hose, wrapped it around and around a barrel, and floated the barrel in a bathtub, you'd have a pretty fair model of the thing.

The Georgetown doctors intended that this cumbersome apparatus should take over for a while the work that Johnny's kidneys, a pair of bean-shaped organs only three or four inches long, had stopped doing. It was, in fact, an artificial kidney, and it worked by taking the blood out of the body, running it through a purifying bath, then returning it.

As Johnny lay on a bed, one tapered end of a plastic tube was inserted into the radial artery of his left wrist, where the pulse is usually taken. Johnny's blood began flowing out of the artery and into the cellophane tubing, where it was gently pulled along by a pump. Through one coil after another it flowed, and at the surface of the tubing some of the impurities in the blood seeped through the cellophane wall and entered the solution. Minutes after the blood had begun slowly flowing from his wrist, it came back to Johnny through a vein in the upper part of his left arm.

The boy was hooked up to the artificial kidney for six hours. In that time, all the blood in his body, about three quarts, made 36 trips out and back, losing some of its waste materials on each trip.

At the end, the blood stream was measurably purer. The doctors found, for example, that it had lost about four-fifths of its urea nitrogen, about half of its potassium, and about two-thirds of its phosphorus. These substances had accumulated and were poisoning Johnny because, with his kidneys not working, he could not get rid of them.

The youngster now began improving. Little by little, his own kidneys took hold, and the level of poison in his system never again reached dangerous heights. A month after he entered the hospital he went home. Doctors say that the

artificial kidney saved Johnny's life.

The Georgetown group has been using this life-saving substitute for five years as one weapon in its attack on kidney disease and related problems. The device itself is much older (one form of it goes back to 1912), but until recent years it was purely experimental. In the number of patients treated with it, the Georgetown University hospital, a prominent Catholic institution, stands second.

The same hospital has pioneered in the use of the artificial kidney to save would-be poison suicides and people who have taken poison accidentally.

Dr. George E. Schreiner, who heads the research and clinical group working with the artificial kidney, explains why it is useful in poison cases. If a machine will remove poison that's been backed into the blood by a kidney shutdown, Dr. Schreiner points out, then it ought to remove poison that got there some other way, too. And it does.

A middle-aged man was brought unconscious to the hospital early one afternoon. He had been found that way on his bed at home. There were seven empty aspirin bottles in his room.

The hospital made tests. The trouble was salicylate (aspirin) poisoning, all right. For every 100 cubic millimeters of blood in his blood stream, there were 90 milligrams of salicylate, a very high ratio. Un-

less something was done soon, he would almost certainly die, and the autopsy would probably show brain damage.

Dr. Schreiner decided that this was a case for the artificial kidney. He ordered his team assembled: two doctors besides himself, a medical student, two technicians, and a nurse.

In a pinch, a three-man team might do the job, but there are enough details to keep half a dozen experts busy. The machine has to be primed with a quart of freshly donated blood so that at the moment blood starts flowing out from the patient's wrist, other blood starts flowing back into his arm. The bath water has to be kept at 100° so that the blood flows through the last section of tubing and into the vein at just about normal temperature, 98.6°; this means constant observation of the thermostat.

Other checks must be made against leakage and blood clotting (a small amount of an anticlotting substance called heparin is fed into the apparatus at the beginning). Blood tests must be made. The bath must be changed several times so that it will more readily absorb the poisonous substances. Finally, the patient must be kept comfortable.

The man who had taken too much aspirin was connected to the apparatus at 8 P.M. He was still unconscious, his breathing was heavy

and fast. After an hour, with the blood steadily coursing through the cellophane coils, he was breathing more easily. After two hours, he was awake and trying to talk: he wanted water and was able to swallow it. By 11 o'clock he was talking rationally. By 2 A.M., when he was taken off the machine, he could remember what had happened.

At that point, six hours after the operation had begun, the level of salicylate in his blood stood at only one-third of what it had been. The artificial kidney had removed the poison 20 times as fast as the man's own kidneys could have. The patient later revealed that he had been taking the aspirin for headaches at a rate of 50 tablets a day.

Commoner than aspirin poisonings are sleeping-pill cases. Late one afternoon, a young woman was transferred to Georgetown from another hospital, where she had been treated without result for barbiturate poisoning. We'll call her Mrs. King. With four children and an alcoholic husband, she had grown despondent; she took 250 tablets of phenobarbital, almost invariably a fatal dose.

Mrs. King was in shock. Her breathing was shallow and her heart rate very slow. One of the physicians, testing for pain responses, pricked her leg with a pin, but she made no move. Then the artificial kidney was connected, and the barbiturate level in her blood began dropping. When the

pain test was repeated in an hour and a half, Mrs. King responded by drawing back her leg. After six hours she was half awake.

The next day she had another six-hour run on the artificial kidney, and the day after, a third. A few days later she went home.

Most people who take too many sleeping pills can be treated with less rigorous measures than the artificial kidney, but Georgetown gets two or three cases like Mrs. King's every year. Most often, 25 or 30 times annually, the coil-and-tub device is used with persons like Johnny Edwards, whose kidneys have stopped working for one reason or another.

Johnny's trouble was an acute attack of a fairly common disease called glomerulonephritis, an inflammation of the glomeruli, which are small masses of tiny blood vessels in the kidneys. It generally starts with a streptococcal infection—in Johnny's case, a bad sore throat—in much the same way as rheumatic fever often starts. But it affects the kidneys rather than the joints and the heart.

A number of other conditions may likewise lead to uremic poisoning. For example, young Mrs. Martin developed severe hemorrhages with the birth of her first child and went into shock from loss of blood. The shock, in turn, led to kidney failure. Eight days later, she was transferred to Georgetown University hospital, hardly

strong enough to raise a hand. She was quickly connected with the artificial kidney, and even before the end of the six-hour run had regained enough strength to move about the bed. Eventually, she recovered completely.

Dr. Schreiner is often asked how a person's blood can be purified if it stays inside a cellophane tube. The answer is that cellophane is full of tiny pores and that toxic material seeps through these pores as the tubing runs through the bath.

Doesn't anything else seep through? No. The blood cells are too large, and the salts and minerals that belong in the blood plasma stay where they are because the bath is chemically just about the same as normal plasma. Something can pass through only when there's a high concentration of it on one side of the cellophane wall and a low concentration on the other.

The artificial kidney is still largely an emergency tool and a fairly expensive one: each run costs the hospital about \$300. But its use may widen greatly. For example, in certain types of acute heart failure, water accumulates in the blood and floods the lungs. Perhaps the artificial kidney can be used to carry off this excess fluid.

Again, it may be found that the artificial kidney can remove a variety of poisons, and not just those it has been used against so far.

Most important, the apparatus can

perhaps be simplified to permit wider use against kidney disease. Georgetown now holds the world's record for keeping life in a person who has stopped making urine. In the case of a certain youngster, the machine was used six times, every two weeks on the average, and it kept him alive for 89 days. That was an acute case. Conceivably, a simpler, less expensive apparatus could be used to rest the kidneys of even chronic patients, whose treatment may last for months.

Researchers across the country

are working on these and related questions. Meanwhile, Dr. Schreiner points out that the artificial kidney is only one approach. There are more basic problems to solve, such as why the kidneys fail in the first place.

He's right, of course. Still, while doctors are tackling such problems, the outside kidney does save lives. Little Johnny Edwards is so grateful to the physicians who hooked him to one of the things that he's planning to become a doctor himself.



Wrong Number . . .

IT WOULD BE nice if someone would come up with a universal way of opening a telephone conversation, not necessarily in Esperanto. In England, for example, it is customary to answer a ring with "Are you there?" The answer is so obvious as to call for any number of ill-natured replies. And the American "hello" seems rather fatuous, when you stop to analyze it.

In Brazil, the caller challenges the answerer with an indignant "Who speaks?" Then, if you should give your name as the one who speaks, the caller is quite likely to growl a disgusted "Deceived"—that is, wrong number—and hang up.

Mexico This Month (Sept. '55).



. . . Right Idea

THE WOMAN in the phone booth thumbed through the telephone directory page by page, running her finger carefully up and down the columns and occasionally pausing to think. A man, waiting his turn in the booth, grew restless, thinking perhaps she had taken root.

"May I help you find your number?" he offered.

"Oh, thank you," she smiled, "but I don't want a number. I'm just hunting a name for my new baby."

Bell Telephone News (June '55).

*Catholics are reclaiming many songs they abandoned to their
Protestant brethren*

Hymns Are for Singing

By
RICHARD GINDER



Condensed from the *Priest**

CATHOLICS HAVE lagged behind Protestants in the use of vernacular hymns. We have been behind since the rise of the national languages of Europe: English, German, French, and so on. From the 14th century on, the fine old Catholic hymns were sung in Latin as part of the Divine Office, but the people no longer understood them.

When Luther broke with the Church in 1517 and set about organizing his own services, he seized upon the vernacular hymn as the perfect vehicle for getting his ideas to the people. The people were struck by the novelty. They hadn't been singing hymns in their own language.

Hymnals of our day contain ten hymns ascribed to Luther. One is a universal Protestant favorite, *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*. Johann Sebastian Bach enshrined the Lutheran service in imperishable music, and the great chorales of his Passions and Cantatas were

frequently sung by the congregation.

Hymn singing was practically unknown in Protestant England until the 18th century. Henry VIII threw out the Latin hymn, but he put nothing in its place; and John Calvin would let his Presbyterians sing nothing but Biblical psalms made metrical. This state of affairs lasted until 1707, when the *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* of Isaac Watts were published. They immediately gained wide circulation.

After Watts came the Wesleys, William Cowper, Toplady, Bishop Heber, Keble, the Oxford Movement, a succession of gifted writers and groups pouring out a torrent of beautiful hymns and tunes.

The *Episcopal Hymnal*, standard in this country, includes a total of 741 good solid hymns. The *Methodist Hymnal* has 644; and the Lutheran, more than 500. But Catholics have been doing very little in this field for centuries.

We are behind, for one reason,

*Huntington, Ind. October, 1955. © 1955 by Our Sunday Visitor, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

because we were under persecution in England until the early part of the last century. The English Church did not achieve full emancipation until 1829. Persecution of the Church in Ireland produced generations of pastors untrained in music. Any singing might draw the attention of the police, which meant trouble. And the Irish had a powerful influence on the formation of our American tradition. Besides, our 19th-century pastors were primarily builders, too busy putting roofs over the heads of their congregations to bother with any more than the essentials of worship.

Up to now, we have had several private collections, some excellent, some atrocious, compiled by individuals and little groups. But there has been no national authoritative hymnal, no all-inclusive collection to compare with those of our Protestant neighbors.

Back in 1947, I pointed this out in an editorial written for the *Priest*. It caused wide comment in the Catholic press; the article itself was reprinted in THE CATHOLIC DIGEST.

Among those who read it and noticed the situation were Dr. Clifford A. Bennett, director of the Gregorian institute; Father John C. Selner, S.S., president of the St. Gregory Society of America; and Archbishop Edwin V. O'Hara of Kansas City, Mo., episcopal chairman of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine.

It was Archbishop O'Hara who put through the new translation of the New Testament, now standard throughout the Church in the U.S. He saw that the same thing could be done for our American Catholic hymns. With official sanction, one volume could be made standard for the whole U.S.

In 1952, a committee of seven was organized under the direction of Father Selner. Hymns were selected through a series of surveys sent out to about 100 representative musicians. For all practical purposes, these musicians voted on a table of contents. Thus, each title would be a majority choice.

Like the New Testament, the hymnal would presumably be sponsored by the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, with the first publication by Dr. Bennett's Gregorian institute. Most of the actual editing is being done by Frank Campbell-Watson, editor-in-chief of the Music Publishers Holding Corporation.

If you were in charge of such a project, where would you start? If it were my job, I would reclaim all the good Catholic hymns that have strayed into Protestant usage.

The Protestant Episcopal *Hymnal*, for instance, lists five hymns by St. Ambrose, four by St. Bernard of Cluny, two by St. Clement of Alexandria, four by St. John of Damascus, six by St. Thomas Aquinas, and 12 by other saints: a total of 33 hymns written by Catho-

lic saints. The Methodists are using two by St. Ambrose, three by St. Bernard of Clairvaux, one by St. Bernard of Cluny, one by St. Clement of Alexandria, six by Father Faber, two by St. John of Damascus, and one by St. Francis of Assisi. It's much the same with the Presbyterians.

These hymns include splendid works like *Jerusalem the Golden*, *All Glory, Laud, and Honor*, and one by Pope St. Gregory the Great, *Kind Maker of the World*, which we Catholics aren't using at all. These hymns should be brought home.

Then there is the great heritage of Catholic hymns accumulated through the centuries. Hymns like *Holy God*; *O Come, O Come, Emmanuel*; *Come, Holy Ghost*; and many others.

But there is another problem that occurs to us as we compile this hymnal. Take, as an example, the great hymn, *Holy, Holy, Holy Lord, God Almighty*. First published in 1827, it has been voted the most popular of all Protestant hymns. You will find it in at least ten current hymnals of various denominations. It was written by Reginald Heber, who died in 1826 as Anglican Bishop of Calcutta. The tune is by John B. Dykes, a high-church Anglican divine with 11 tunes to his credit in the *Episcopal Hymnal*.

The words are perfectly Catholic. Bishop Heber intended his hymn

for use on Trinity Sunday. It is a paraphrase of the doxology.

This is the problem. We have here a hymn written by a Protestant to embellish the Protestant service. May we Catholics take it over for use in our own worship?

In arriving at a solution, I would say first of all that the authorship of the melody is irrelevant. Tunes have no religious affiliation, apart from unfortunate connotations attaching to them through association, as in the very special case of *A Mighty Fortress* and *Onward, Christian Soldiers*.

In considering the words, we must recall the plain fact that all religious truth is Catholic truth. And just as there is only one Baptism (Catholic Baptism, of course), regardless of who administers it, so we are bound to say that, for instance, the Trinity is Catholic doctrine regardless of who professes it.

Our first test of any hymn, then, must be for orthodoxy. The sentiments must be measured against the rule of Catholic faith. If there is no discrepancy, we can say it is a Catholic hymn.

And why not? We don't insist that our church architects be Catholic, nor do we cross-examine our organ builders. It is the result that interests us, the finished work of art. Let us not say, either, that Bishop Heber wrote his hymn merely to embellish the Protestant worship. Let us say, rather, that he

wrote it in praise of the Most Holy and Undivided Trinity, Whom we adore in company with the great majority of our separated brethren.

Having opened the door to the vast treasury of hymns accumulated by our devout non-Catholic friends, we find that we are not only inspiring our own faithful, but we are building a bridge which may help many a sensitive soul into the Church. I don't doubt that there are people attracted to our Church who yet hesitate at the thought of leaving behind the

glorious hymns which have thus far been their joy and their comfort. We Catholics find this a little hard to understand, but the fact is that the Protestant worship is very largely built on the hymn. There is vigor and enthusiasm in their congregational singing.

It would mean a great deal, I assure you, if we could promise the hesitant inquirer that he could continue praising God with the same words and tunes to which he has been accustomed over the years.

And how we Catholics would benefit by the addition of such hymns as *Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow; The Strife Is O'er, the Battle Done; For All the Saints, Who From Their Labors Rest*—and the old chorales, many of them "canonized" by J. S. Bach; *Wachet Auf, Christ Ist Erstanden, Herzliebster Jesu und Treuer Heiland, Wir Sind Hier*.

The work is progressing rapidly now, and it is being carried out along the lines just indicated. In other words, we are asking no questions of authors or composers as long as their hymns are orthodox and the tunes are good.

I should think that by November, 1956, provisional proofs of the proposed hymnal should be ready. Allowing a year to work out corrections and suggestions brings us to November, 1957. After that, we can expect better days for congregational singing in the Catholic churches in the U.S.!

Automation at the Organ

AN ELECTRONIC "brain" developed by Jean Anthony Greif, Spokane, Wash., will now take care of all the footwork needed to play an organ.

An organist for many years, Greif is familiar with the proper pedal notes to be played with every conceivable kind of chord played on the organ. So he went to work with pencil and paper and came up with a device that would activate the pedals when and as required. All an organist need do is to play the melody with one finger, and press a button with another. Chords and pedals are synchronized automatically.

Best of all, the selector brain can be hidden in the console, so that the organist's "assistant" cannot be seen.

Spokane Spokesman-Review
(17 July '55).

Miss Bettis didn't bother to "understand" our shortcomings; she helped us to rise above them

I Remember My Teacher

By ROSE GRIECO

Condensed from the *Freeman**



IF MY 5TH-GRADE teacher, Miss Bettis, applied for a teaching job today, she would probably be steered toward a psychiatrist's office. For Miss Bettis taught us to fear.

Her name was spoken with awe throughout the school, and as we approached her classroom we were filled with a kind of wonder toward this imposing woman, with her thick auburn braids wrapped in a crown that dramatically set off her flashing blue eyes.

Miss Bettis' name was not so much spoken as whispered. Tales were told of her hustling a child to the cloakroom and shaking him so thoroughly that he cried. Such punishment she meted out for lying, bad language, or rudeness; so that in her class we learned not to do such things. The result was that very little time had to be wasted on discipline.

The first day we walked into Miss Bettis' 5th-grade class, we quietly took our seats like so many

frightened sheep, with Mother Wolf solemnly observing our obvious terror. Not a word was spoken as she looked at us and we looked at her. Was there a twinkle behind those blue eyes? It's hard to remember. At any rate, she let us sit a while, as she walked across the room, head erect.

"Well?" her voice ripped the silence like thunder on a summer's day. "What are you afraid of?" Some of us managed to produce a whisper that sounded vaguely like "Nothing, Miss Bettis."

"Don't lie to me!" she bellowed. "I know frightened children when I see them." And she regarded us a while longer. "Are you afraid of me?" she demanded.

"No, Miss Bettis," we piped back.

"I told you not to lie!" she retorted; to which we responded safely with more silence.

"The first lesson you're going to learn," she said, as she played with a ruler we were convinced had been used for more than measur-

*Irvington-on-Hudson, N. Y. September, 1955. © 1955 by the Irvington Press, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

ing, "is just what to be afraid of."

And so the first day in Miss Bettis' class was spent in learning about something a later generation was to be guaranteed freedom from. "There is only one thing in life to fear," she said, looking straight at us with those flaming blue eyes. "Who can tell me what it is?" One brave boy named Peter, who probably thought he could soften up Miss Bettis by cooperating, took a try at it.

"The principal," he suggested brightly.

Pointing the ruler menacingly at him, Miss Bettis said, "Just respect Mr. Chase, and you'll never have to be afraid of him." She looked at us some more, waiting for another response.

Gentle little Mary Jane, after gathering up her courage, timidly raised her hand, and ventured, "A ghost."

"Have you ever seen one?" snapped Miss Bettis. Mary Jane could do no more than shake her head.

"Then forget it!" Mary Jane sighed and relaxed, for it was obvious that Miss Bettis was capable of putting a whole roomful of ghosts to flight.

Pointing the ruler at us, she said slowly and fiercely, "There is only one thing in life to fear, and that's *evil*." There followed a long silence, while she waited for her words to enter our receptive minds and there take solid root.

Her words were not then clear

to the ten-year-old innocents who listened, wide-eyed. But when Miss Bettis spoke, only a fool would dare *not* to listen; and the meaning of her words was to ring out again and again in the years that followed. Miss Bettis was neither confused nor fearful about admitting the existence of evil, and she was determined to instill in us a very real fear of ever cooperating with it.

After acquainting us with the subjects of fear and evil, she opened wide the windows, let in the clear September air, and told us to stand up, breathe in deeply, count to ten, and breathe out. She made the breathing in of fresh air an unexpected adventure. As we began to taste the leaf-scented air which Miss Bettis had commanded into our lungs, I became aware of a feeling of surprise. For without our quite knowing how, in the short time since we had entered the classroom the world had somehow become bigger, and everything in it more important.

Perhaps it was the magnificent authority seated behind that desk which pushed the mean and ugly things of life back into Pandora's box. In any case, as the days came and went in the classroom we had so dreaded, we found ourselves entering the yellow, fragrant world of Wordsworth's daffodils, and many of us have never deserted it. Under Miss Bettis' tyrannical teaching, somehow the daffodils became more yellow, and the April air of

the poem more fragrant. Out of fear of not learning it to suit Miss Bettis' impeccable standards, we made it ours forever.

It was in that den of terror that Rimsky-Korsakov's *Song of India* first entered our waiting, uncluttered ears, and Tchaikovsky came to us with his *Nutcracker Suite*. I have forgotten many loving, sympathetic teachers and the lessons they tried to teach. But everything about Miss Bettis' room and what was heard and felt there have remained as clear as her shining blue eyes. I never see a daffodil without remembering the wide open windows through which she welcomed the flowering April air, and the newly discovered world of music she gave us, to do with as we wished.

And yet, the ever-present fear of wrongdoing or sloppy lessons or dirty elbows walked hand in hand with Wordsworth and MacDowell.

In the light of what we've since learned about child psychology, something terrible should have happened to our feelings about Miss Bettis.

And yet, many years later, when one of us, Charlie De Luca, was given a testimonial banquet for distinguished service in the legal profession, of all the teachers he'd had through many years of schooling, it was Miss Bettis who sat

proudly beside him. And later on in the evening, when the time for remembering was at hand, they both had a laugh over the old days in the 5th grade.

Perhaps Charlie knew, as we were all to know, that "adjustment" to mediocrity was never in Miss Bettis' book of rules. She seemed always to be carrying a banner symbolizing individual achievement high above our heads, and she dared us to reach it. She never "accepted" our weaknesses and shortcomings; rather, she gripped us firmly by the hand and helped us to rise above them. By accepting nothing but the very best from us, and forcing us always to look up when we might have been satisfied to look sideways, she did us honor.

When those of us who were Miss Bettis' pupils occasionally meet at a wake (which is where Italian-Americans often revive dying friendships), hers is the one name out of our childhood that evokes the sharpest memories and the strongest sense of having been in touch with grandeur.

Perhaps the reason our original feeling of awe and fear turned into something akin to love was that Miss Bettis stood as a daily reminder that (much of our behavior to the contrary) we were made in the image and likeness of God.

✧

THE old-fashioned parent believes that stern discipline means just where it says. Noel Wicall in *Look* (1 Nov. '55).



The Donkey's Ears

The legend says he heard the first Christmas carol

As told by the donkey of Bethlehem
to JUNE A. GRIMBLE

I TOO, was at Bethlehem on the first Christmas eve. But perhaps you already know that, because I have a mark on my back, the mark that makes me go. Listen, and I will tell you the story of how I got that mark, and how I came to have long ears.

Bethlehem is where we first met, you and I. I first met you when you first met God-made-Man. And it was you children who gave me my long ears, at Bethlehem that night, for a Christmas present.

On the evening that is now called Christmas eve, I was in a stable that was once the house of Jesse, in Bethlehem. It was quite early, but dusk already had fallen and it was mightily cold. A great white ox was in the stable with me, and we stood, huddled together for warmth, in a dark corner behind the manger. We were nodding and almost asleep when the door opened and a tall man walked in. He carried a staff in one hand and his

arm was around the gentlest, loveliest lady that you ever saw. The man was troubled; he kept muttering the words *Caesar*, and *census*, and *taxes*, and adding, "And now no room at the inn!" We did not understand, the ox and I—but perhaps you do—so we just looked on.

The woman's name was Mary and she called the man Joseph. She bade him hurry out and get some sticks for a fire. The ox stayed to keep watch over the woman, but I ran out after Joseph, thinking that perhaps he could find a basket so that I could carry the sticks for him. But he was too troubled to think of baskets.

He ran straight for a faint red glow on the hillside below the stable. It came from the fire of some shepherds keeping a night watch over their flocks. Joseph rushed up to them; I trotted behind.

A little shepherd boy was fanning the feeble glow for all he was worth, crying all the while, because his father was scolding him.

"Oh, stupid one!" the father was shouting. "Green ash sticks for the night watch! Wretched boy! How many times must I tell you that green sticks will not burn. But blow, boy—blow and bawl! And well you may, for we shall have no supper tonight."

The poor lad blew with all his might and main, but could manage to keep alive only the tiniest flicker of a flame.



Joseph looked at the pitiful glow and then looked up at the sky in desperation. Following his gaze, I saw a star, marvelously bright, shining splendidly right over our stable. It was very beautiful, but this was no time for stargazing. Joseph turned to the boy's father. "Good shepherd," he burst out, "I beg you to give me of your fire. There is a Babe to be born this very night in a stable in Bethlehem. There is no room at the inn and the cold is bitter."

"My fire I would gladly share with you, master," answered the shepherd. "But alas! the sticks are green, and do what you will—they will never burn. This wretched boy . . ."

Joseph did not wait for more. He picked up the smoldering sticks and put them in his cloak. And they burst into flame. But the cloak did not burn.

It must have been a miracle, because you know and I know that the shepherd was right. Green sticks won't burn easily. And cloaks always will. But to this day the ash is the only wood that will burn when it is green, because it was the ash tree whose sticks made the fire that gave warmth for God's lady in the stable at Bethlehem.

Back in the stable, Joseph placed the sticks carefully on the ground. They blazed bravely, but not with-



out difficulty (they were really very green). Joseph did not have time to notice their struggle.

Mary had swept the stable and was now pulling fresh hay from the manger and arranging it in a pile beside her. But Joseph had a better idea. He found one of our clean troughs and stuffed it full of hay, fresh and sweet smelling, and placed it at her feet. She was pleased, and she did a lovely thing that I have often seen humans do—she smiled at him. And it was as if another miracle had happened. Joseph suddenly looked like a man whose heart is singing. He took courage, and set about doing other things for the lady's comfort.

First he put a fresh pile of hay in the middle of the cave (the stable was a cave), away from the damp walls. Having placed Mary thereon, he made the gentle white ox lie down behind her back so that she had something to lean against. Me, in my thick winter coat, he made to lie between the draughty door and the lady, like a kind of screen. We were blissfully happy, the ox and I. True, we couldn't watch her any more because Joseph had placed us with our backs to her. But we could watch for her, and this is what we saw.

Joseph moved to a place just beyond us, and knelt there, leaning

on his staff. And he watched and he prayed. Never have I seen a man watch so tenderly or pray more fervently. His heart was in his eyes and his eyes never once left the lady. So even he did not see what we saw.

He did not see the green ash fire struggle valiantly for life and almost fail. But we saw it, and the little brown bird who nested in the manger saw it. And out he flew from the safety of his home and round and round those dying embers he fluttered, fanning them. As the flames rose, still he fanned, to make them strong for the lady's sake.

Every time he stopped to rest, the flames faltered. So he fluttered and he fanned until his breast was so cruelly scorched that his heart was almost burned out of him. He fanned until he fell at my feet. And then a wondrous thing happened. As he lay there, feathers sprouted and completely covered the little fellow's fire-scorched breast. But they were not brown like the rest of him. They were red—bright red. And to this day he wears his fire-bright finery and is known as "robin redbreast." But only a very few know how he came by it.

It was a cry that woke the robin—a feeble cry, the cry of the Newborn. But I tell you it was a sound

that pierced heaven and roused the world. And all the angels and all the creatures in creation heard it, and it echoed where their hearts beat.

Joseph leaped toward the woman who was the Mother of God, and they both knelt, and together they adored, because the Word was made flesh and dwelt amongst us, and God was now Man.

At that moment of perfect love when a man and a woman first offered the gift of two hearts big with faith to the Babe of Bethlehem there was of a sudden a great and golden blaze of light and all the world was mystery filled and glorious with wonder, because the splendor of God shone round about. And a voice there was, as golden as the light, which sang, "Behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people; for this day is born to you a Saviour who is Christ the Lord."

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will."

And that was the moment that we first met, you and I. You were all around me. All the children ever to be born were round about me, loving God in Bethlehem. Because, whether you know it or not, your guardian angels were there, and



together we bowed down, and together we adored Him. And then it was that I got the mark upon my back. You saw it happen, but perhaps you cannot remember.

At the first sound of the Infant's cry, I fell upon my knees and put my face against the trough that was the crib of God, and with all my donkey being I did love Him. But my heart was sad because I had no soul to love Him with as well, and in that moment of sadness, the Babe reached out and touched me. God touched me! And where God had touched, there came a mark upon my back.

It is there yet for you and all the world to see. It is a cross, His sign—a sign of love, and a symbol of salvation, and I, the donkey, am marked with it. And in that sign there lies a secret which I will tell you now. It is the secret of how to make me go! There is no need to beat me. But touch the very center of my mark of God, and see how I will go!

The ox, too, received acknowledgement that night in Bethlehem. Because he was the first four-footed creature to kneel in adoration of his God (it was his example that I followed) he is now the one creature in creation that kneels before he lies down to sleep. Watch him, and you will see—and watching, remember that he is a king, king of the kine, a symbol of St. Luke the Evangelist and of the priesthood, and an emblem of the sons of

Carol

*Villagers all, this frosty tide,
Let your doors swing open wide,
Though wind may follow, and
snow beside,
Yet draw us in by your fire to bide;
Joy shall be yours in the morning!*

*Here we stand in the cold and the
sleet,
Blowing fingers and stamping feet,
Come from far away you to greet—
You by the fire and we in the
street—
Bidding you joy in the morning!*

*For ere one half of the night was
gone,
Sudden a star has led us on,
Raining bliss and benison—
Bliss tomorrow and more anon,
Joy for every morning!*

*Goodman Joseph toiled through the
snow—
Saw the star o'er a stable low;
Mary she might not further go—
Welcome thatch, and litter below!
Joy was hers in the morning!*

*And then they heard the angels tell
'Who were the first to cry Noël?
Animals all, as it befell,
In the stable where they did dwell!
Joy shall be theirs in the morning!'*

From *The Wind in the Willows* by Kenneth Grahame. Copyright, 1908, 1933, by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York City, N.Y. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

Israel, as I am of the Gentiles.

But to the story of my ears, your Christmas gift to me and my descendants. There was, let me tell you, much fidgeting and jostling among the heavenly hierarchy that night! The six-winged seraphim, the four-winged cherubim, the thrones, the dominations, the virtues, the powers, the principalities, the archangels and the angels, ten thousand times a hundred thousand of them, clamored and clustered round the crib to pay homage to the Baby Jesus, tiny and laughing in his crib.

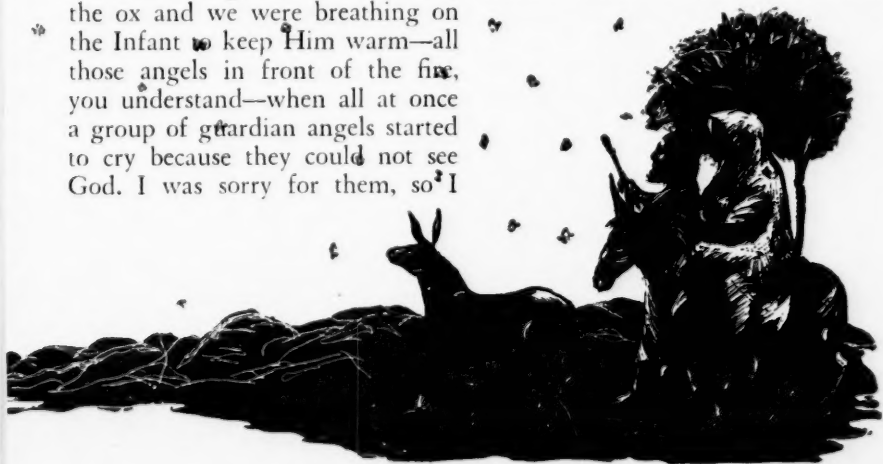
The guardian angels had the hardest time, because they were the littlest, and they could not see over that host of shimmering wings. You try peering through the six wings of just one seraphim, or the four wings of one cherubim and you'll see what I mean.

I was nosing over the crib with the ox and we were breathing on the Infant to keep Him warm—all those angels in front of the fire, you understand—when all at once a group of guardian angels started to cry because they could not see God. I was sorry for them, so I

moved back and gave them my place. And then I couldn't see the Christ Child any more, and I couldn't even hear Him above the fluttering of wings. So I began to cry, and the guardian angels saw me. Down they swooped upon me, comforting and singing:

*Because of us you cannot see,
Because of us you'll crownéd be
With ears to catch the smallest
sound,
With ears tremendous and renowned.*

And then they started pulling. The whole heavenly choir of them took hold of my short, pointed ears (the kind donkeys wore in those days) and they pulled. And when they stopped pulling, I had the two big ears you see on me now. Long they were, and fur lined, and every syllable of sound they caught for me.



What's more, I could waggle them. So if the sound was high I raised them up; if the sound was low I dipped them down. They were perfect, and I was happy, and right now I want to thank you—and your guardian angels—for them.

Soon after my ears had been made long, and just as Mary had finished wrapping the Babe in swaddling clothes, there came a knock at the door. The angels vanished, Joseph called, "Come in," and in walked the shepherds from the hills around Bethlehem. Some of them we had met already; they had given us their fire. But now they were joined by others. They came, they said, at the bidding of an angel, to see a Baby he had told them about. Each one had a present for Him—fruits and vegetables and lambs and pigeons and rabbits and wood doves for the Baby Jesus.

The father and son who had given us the fire were there. But the father wasn't angry and the son wasn't crying any more. They were excited and filled so full of good will that it was shining in their eyes.

Their gifts were different from the others. The old man, having no faith in green ash sticks that should not and cloaks that do not burn, had brought a quilt.

It was a feather quilt—large, soft, warm, cosy—the finest a heart could desire. He had saved his coins for it for so long, he was not likely ever to own another. It was

his most treasured possession, and he brought it for the Babe.

Jesus smiled as if to thank him, and Mary and Joseph looked at each other, and then at the shepherd, and back to the quilt, and finally toward the fire. Then Mary whispered something to Joseph, and Joseph led the shepherd over to the fire to show him what a splendid fire it was, and he said, "Good shepherd, fear not. The Child does not suffer from the cold. See! The green-ash fire burns brightly now. Therefore, keep, we beseech you, your fine feather quilt. But know, that because of the great kindness in your heart, you will one day sit by the side of this same Babe in heaven, and when his birthday dawns you will be privileged to scatter the feathers from your quilt upon the earth below."

The shepherd was filled with joy. And so are you children filled with joy when you wake on Christmas to find the world all white with feathery flakes tumbling from heaven as the happy shepherd strews about the snowy contents of his quilt.

The shepherd's boy was very poor. He had nothing of his own to bring to Jesus. But on the way to the stable, he found a little white flower that had pushed its head above the earth as if it, too, wanted to share the wonders of that night. This flower the boy offered shyly at the crib side. The Babe of Bethlehem received it, and He

touched it to his mouth, and where his lips had touched, a crown of gold sprang forth. And from that day to this, the daisy wears its yellow crown to celebrate the night that it was kissed by God.

The shepherds left. Days passed, and the kings came, the ones that are called the Magi. They, too, brought gifts for the Christ Child.

Melchior, king of fabulous Arabia, brought gold; Balthasar, dusky king of Ethiopia, land of spices, brought frankincense; and Caspar, king of Tarsus, land of merchants, brought myrrh.

*And the gold was for a King—
that was Jesus.*

*And the frankincense for a
High Priest—that was Jesus.*

*And the myrrh for the Great
Physician—that was Jesus.*

The kings received gifts in return, and the gifts that they received were perfect: perfect charity for gold; perfect faith for frankincense; perfect truth for myrrh.

Melchior brought also a pure white ass for the Holy Family. Strong and beautiful and fit it was, he said, to carry king or queen.

And the white ass did carry a king and queen, because a few days later the Magi had a dream, and Joseph had a dream, and there was much murmuring about a man called Herod. Because of him, the Magi returned to their homes by a different way from the one they had taken to Bethlehem, and because of Herod, Joseph set Mary, with the Baby Jesus nestling safe against her heart, on the ass's back. Me, he set before them on the road, and taking his staff in his hand, he bade me lead the Holy Family into Egypt. I did, and we arrived safely.

But I must tell you that one day in the very midst of the desert it rained hard, and my fine ears proved weatherproof — they did not shrink at all. So I was happy. And I am still happy, because, as you know, I have them to this day.



Crib

OUR USE of the word *crib* to mean a baby's bed is connected with the birth of Jesus. Translating the Latin text describing the Nativity, early scholars spoke of Him as being born in a *cribb*—Anglo-Saxon for "ox stall."

In the 13th century it was customary to build a small *cribb* in the village church at Christmas. Sometimes an ox was placed in it to make vivid the lowly birthplace of the holy Infant. Later, "manger" replaced *cribb* when the Bible was translated into modern English. But *crib*, with one less *b*, lived on as meaning a child's bed.

Webb Garrison in *Why You Say It* (Abingdon Press, 1955).

Uncle Sam's Courier Service

By JAMES H. WINCHESTER

A PLANE LANDED at Bogotá, Colombia, on an April morning in 1948, right in the middle of a violent revolution.

While machine gun bullets buzzed across the airfield, a young man leaped from the plane with a heavy canvas bag in his hand, looked wildly about for a taxi, and then took off on foot toward the U.S. embassy, several miles away.

Unused to the thin air of the Andes, he was gasping for breath before he had gone 100 yards. In downtown Bogotá, he found street fights raging on all sides. Snipers fired at him from windows. As he neared his goal, three men set upon him with knives and machetes. He broke away after a brief struggle, and staggered into the embassy. Blood was pouring from a half-dozen slashes in his arm and abdomen.

He dropped the canvas bag to the floor as the ambassador hastened to assist him. "May I have a receipt, sir?" he panted. Then he collapsed, and was rushed to a hospital.

The dauntless young man (his name was John Powell) was working at one of Uncle Sam's most adventurous jobs: he was a member of the State department's Diplo-



There is a long waiting list for a job featuring low pay, long hours, and perilous assignments

matic Mail and Courier service, sworn to make personal deliveries of vital communications to American foreign-service officers.

Diplomatic couriers are more important today than ever before. In the current international atmosphere it is vital that our diplomats have a fast, secure means of communication with each other and with Washington. Routine affairs, of course, can be handled by radio, telegraph or regular mail. But such methods, even when the messages are coded, are not considered safe for top-secret matters. That's where the couriers take over, carrying vital government communications in person.

It is a hazardous occupation. The hazard is not, however, in being waylaid by a foreign agent trying to grab official secrets. Since the Courier service was revived 21 years

ago, nobody has robbed a courier of his pouch. The real danger arises from the continual travel. The courier is menaced, not by fellow passengers with thick lenses and thick accents, but by the law of averages.

In recent years, four couriers have been killed in plane crashes. Scores of others have been injured. Only this year, a courier survived an air wreck in which 22 persons perished. The 60 travel-weary messengers who staff the service are on the go an annual average of 120,000 miles each, a total of 7.2 million miles a year. Ninety per cent of this travel is by plane, military or commercial.

The couriers often fly more than 50 hours straight, stopping only when their planes refuel. On several runs, the average daily mileage is 2,000 miles. This continual grind occasionally causes flight fatigue, a mental hazard against which all couriers are constantly on guard. In several instances, couriers have had to resign because they had reached the point where they just couldn't face the prospect of boarding another foreign-bound plane.

Another mental hazard for couriers is the fear of losing their pouches. Before the 2nd World War, they carried them padlocked to their wrists. The practice was abandoned because it called too much attention to the pouch. Now the men simply carry the pouches by hand, being careful never to

leave them out of their sight. Aboard a plane, a courier will tuck the pouch between his knees before he falls asleep. Couriers do not carry guns.

Runs extend to more than 300 U.S. diplomatic posts abroad. Three times every eight days, an unarmed courier goes from Paris to Moscow. Once a week, another travels from Manila to Kabul, Afghanistan. Until only a few months ago, that was considered the toughest trip in the service. The courier traveled by commercial plane to Karachi, Pakistan. From there he had a spine-jolting three-day train trip to Lahore, on India's northern frontier.

He then rode from Lahore to Peshawar, Pakistan, by truck, and from Peshawar to Kabul, through the rugged Safed Koh range, by jeep. In summer, he sweltered; in winter, froze. "Traveling to Kabul in below-zero weather," says one veteran of this route, "you had plenty of time to wonder what ever made you think it was a glamorous job."

Now, with Pakistani airways running tri-weekly schedules over the Khyber pass, this route is easy. The courier can fly directly to Kabul.

Couriers' pay is comparatively low, seldom reaching the \$5,000-a-year mark, even after years of service. Yet there is never a dearth of candidates. And since only about a dozen vacancies occur each year,

the list of waiting applicants remains a long one.

During the 2nd World War, the service tripled its size and budget. Those were years of high adventure for many of the young couriers. There was, for instance, the dark night the small liner *Western Prince*, five days out of New York City on its way to England, was torpedoed. Aboard was diplomatic courier Henry Coleman. Grabbing his pouch, he ran up to the deck. The ship was sinking fast.

With other passengers, Coleman clambered into a lifeboat. Hardly had they pulled away from the stricken liner when it sank, and they were alone in mid-Atlantic. Nine hours later, they were picked up by a Norwegian freighter, bound for Scotland. Coleman slept in the freighter's galley, using his pouch as a pillow. As soon as the ship docked, he boarded a train for London, without even stopping to change clothes. He delivered his messages, and the very next day set out on another journey.

Then there was the case of veteran Al Frazier, who was traveling from Yugoslavia just before the U.S. entered the war. The Germans boarded the train and ordered him to hand over his pouches. Frazier refused. When the Germans insisted, he told them that the bags contained dynamite which would be triggered off if they left his possession. He was allowed to go on.

The classic trip was made by courier Horton Telford, whose adventures would make a good movie script for Alfred Hitchcock. Telford was making a routine trip from Bern, Switzerland, to Istanbul, Turkey. From the Swiss capital, he flew to Rome, and arrived just as Italy declared war on Greece. Air travel to Athens was cut off. So he went by train to Venice, then to Belgrade, capital of Yugoslavia, and finally to Djerdjeliga, on the Yugoslav-Greek frontier. All train travel to Greece was stopped there.

Telford hired porters to help him with his five 60-pound pouches, then hiked 20 miles over the mountains to the Greek town of Quevali. There Italian planes strafed his safari, the porters ran away, and Telford was forced to spend several hours in a water-filled ditch with his precious pouches.

Hours later, sodden, shivering, near exhaustion, he caught a train for Athens. The train was strafed several times. At one point, a hysterical passenger screamed that Telford was a spy, and Greek guards arrested him. Telford talked his way out of that predicament, and finally reached Athens.

Then he set out in a hired car for the Turkish frontier. When the car bogged down in the mud, he hired an oxcart and made it to another railroad station. There he flagged down the Sofia-Istanbul Express. When he got to Istanbul,

his pouches were in far better condition than he was.

Every country maintains its own diplomatic courier service. The official messengers can cross borders everywhere, upon presenting their credentials, without fear of inspection. The right of unhampered communication between embassies and their homelands is accepted by every nation of the world, including Russia, and sealed diplomatic correspondence is passed unopened. Soviet couriers get the same privileges in this country as our own messengers get in the USSR.

The U.S. Courier service has had an erratic history. It was not until the 1st World War that a regular staff was organized. Until then, ship captains and American travelers were handed sealed mail and asked to deliver it upon arrival. The idea of a professional courier establishment was conceived by Capt. Amos J. Peaslee, now the U.S. ambassador to Australia. Peaslee, then an Army Ordnance officer, proposed his plan early in 1918, and it was adopted. He left immediately for France as head of a seven-man courier crew.

Once the American commission to negotiate peace finished its work in 1919, the fledgling service was disbanded. The couriers, all on loan to the State department from the army, returned to regular military service or civilian life.

During the London Conference of 1934, President Roosevelt heard

of the fate of the service and decided to revive it. Slowly, the organization expanded until, at the height of the 2nd World War, it was more than 100 couriers strong.

The British counterpart of our couriers, the King's Foreign Service Messengers, can boast a much longer history. The first mention of them in official British files is in 1641. There were at that time 40 messengers under the direct orders of the Lord Chamberlain. These king's messengers (even now there are only 44 of them) ordinarily confine their journeys to Europe and the Middle East. Dispatches for the Far East and for America have always been carried in the personal custody of captains of warships or merchant vessels. On special occasions, however, king's messengers do travel to Ottawa or Washington.

The emblem of the king's messengers is a silver greyhound, and thereby hangs a curious legend. The story goes that when Charles II was in exile in the Netherlands, he had secret messengers who conveyed letters to England. Some of the messengers were skippers of Dutch fishing boats, and since they could not speak English, it was necessary to provide them with some ready means of official identification.

Charles had with him a silver dish, on the lid of which were four greyhounds. He broke these off and gave two to the Dutchmen,

two to English agents, so that when any two of them met in an inn near Dover they could readily establish their identity.

According to the legend, when Charles regained the throne he chose the greyhound as the official badge. Today a king's messenger is supposed to wear the insignia, when on duty, suspended by a blue ribbon around his neck, under his shirt. It is doubtful if many actually follow the practice. Most of them carry it in a velvet-lined case in a pocket.

Because distances in Europe are so short, king's messengers use trains far more than their U.S. counterparts. On a trip from London to Istanbul, a messenger will remain in a train compartment for the whole continental journey. At various points, embassy officials

will meet him and take over some of the bags. He rarely speaks to anyone except the conductor.

In peacetime, a king's messenger, simply on his own word, can enlist the aid of any British naval vessel afloat, even a battleship. The privilege has rarely been exercised. And any British embassy or legation will, upon his demand, supply a messenger with anything from a disguise to a bag of gold.

The U.S. couriers also have a badge of office: a golden eagle in flight. When on official duty the courier always wears it pinned somewhere to his clothing. Inscribed in Greek on one side of this medallion is the courier service's motto, part of a description of Persian messengers by the Greek historian Herodotus: "None is swifter than these."



Willows bending to touch their toes.

Joy Allen

Stars tangled in a tree.

G. K. Chesterton

Baby breaking through the sound barrier.

Grace Gaffney

Plow planting snow hedges along the roadside.

LeRoy J. Hebert

Christmas shoppers barnacled with packages.

Lloyd Mann

Corridor buttoned up with door knobs.

Mary C. Dorsey

Sky clearing its throat with thunder.

Richard Matheson

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]



Mexican Magi

By MARTHA MURRAY

WE WERE AWAKENED at 7:30 A.M. by our host, Alejandro Rangel Hidalgo. The old hacienda in Colima, Mexico, was a bit damp and chilly, but the sun was beginning to shine brightly. It looked as though we were to have a fine day for the celebration of the *fiesta* of the Three Kings.

The feast of the Three Kings, or Epiphany, is Jan. 6. On that day, throughout Spain and Latin America, gifts are given the children in memory of the gifts the Magi took to the Baby Jesus.

The day was to start off with a special Mass in the private chapel of

the hacienda. My husband, John Creighton Murray, the concert violinist, had offered to play; and he began to tune his Stradivarius.

At table the night before, we had discussed the coming *fiesta*. It was the custom to give a party for the ranch hands on Epiphany. This year, it was to be a bazaar, with food and game booths. The grown-ups were to buy the wares, and the proceeds would go toward building a new seminary in Colima. The children would receive everything free.

Father Canuto Barreto, who would celebrate Mass the following

day, was having supper with us. He told us that some of the ranch children would receive First Communion at the Mass. That was when John offered to play during Communion.

After supper, we looked at the decorations that Alejandro Rangel Hidalgo had made for the party. (Alejandro is the artist whose paintings have been recently appearing on the covers of *THE CATHOLIC DIGEST*. They will continue to appear during 1956.) For more than two weeks, he had worked painstakingly planning and executing the decorations.

He had hollowed out eggs, and painted some with designs. Others he painted as clowns with cardboard hats, as peasants, as devils, and as Chinese with long, braided, woolen pigtailed. The eggs were filled with little candies.

Hundreds of tissue-paper flags had been pasted to bamboo sticks. Each flag had a daisy painted on it. The daisy is called *Margarita* in Mexico, and Alejandro's fiancée is named Margarita. There were paper decorations in fanciful designs, and hundreds of hand-painted paper bags had been filled with goodies. Everything was ready and waiting for eager children's hands.

We entered the chapel at eight o'clock. It was already filled. The subtropical sun shone on the white-washed walls. In the center of the altar was an ancient image of the Christ Child. At one side was a

delicate Italian-marble statue of the Blessed Virgin.

The little ones, dressed in white, were at the front of the church. The girls wore white veils, and looked much like miniatures of the Virgins that Rangel Hidalgo paints. All were clasping white decorated tapers, and were looking at the altar out of solemn brown eyes.

Father Barreto vested in view of the congregation while a villager, who had at one time studied for the priesthood, explained the significance of each vestment. Then he explained the Mass as it proceeded. Father Barreto knows that instruction must be constantly given to his people. That is one of the reasons why, in spite of persecutions, the Church in Mexico is stronger than ever.

Father Barreto's sermon was on the birth of Christ and the visit of the Three Kings. He ended by telling the congregation that, like one of the kings, a visitor had come from afar to lay a gift at the feet of the Baby Jesus: his music.

John began to play from behind the altar. The little ones received their First Communion, and then the people walked up to receive. The beauty of the Mass, the absolute faith of the people, and the splendid music made this the most moving ceremony I had ever attended.

After breakfast, we heard the shrill and perfectly pitched voices of Indian men singing. The house

staff rushed outside to see the singers, and we followed close behind. A procession of brightly clad Indians carrying a small image of Jesus were making their way down the dirt road to the chapel.

They were marching two by two. One side was dressed in bright-blue-satin cavalier costumes of the 17th century. The other line wore identical costumes of pink satin. Each Indian wore a straw sombrero that had been completely covered with pink and blue artificial roses. Each carried a long staff, the top of which had also been decorated with pink and blue roses and little tin ornaments that tinkled merrily.

Bringing up the rear of the procession were a rowdy little group of dancers clad to represent a rancher, a friar, and several devils. All of them wore masks, and the devils carried whips with which they menaced the laughing and cowering crowd.

When they entered the chapel, those dressed in pink and blue sang their respects to the Babe at the altar. The devils gave each other playful slaps, and the rancher tried to feed the friar a tortilla through his mask. The dance is an old custom in this region, and is called *Los Pastores* (the Shepherds).

After the pink-and-blue group had finished their song and each one had knelt at the altar, they trouped out and walked back on the dirt road. The devils still cavorted behind, and their red-satin

Many people asked us to reproduce Señor Hidalgo's paintings as Christmas cards. So we selected four concerned with Christmas: the Annunciation, the Visitation, Nativity, and Epiphany. We put 12 of these four in an attractive box. It is all yours for \$1. Address: Catholic Digest Cards, St. Paul 13, Minn.

The editors.

and sequined costumes gleamed wickedly in the sun. Just before they rounded the corner and were out of sight, the rancher grabbed the friar, and the pair did a weird, satirical, jitterbug jig. They were a devout yet strangely grotesque group.

The *fiesta* was going to be held in the courtyard of the hacienda. The hacienda was once a sugarcane plantation, but since much of the land was expropriated the Rangel Hideos had planted lime trees. On one side of the courtyard is the chapel and a high, thick wall with an enormous entrance gate. Two other sides are pink and white outbuildings for the packing of lemons. On the last side is another wall, with an iron-grilled gate that leads to the hacienda patio, which is filled with tropical plants and flowers. The house, with wide veranda, pillars and arches, encloses the patio.

All afternoon, men hammered on booth frameworks. Others climbed ladders, crisscrossing the

courtyard with strings of electric-lighted paper lanterns. Streamers were hung between the lanterns. The stalls were faced with palm leaves.

I went over to talk to Alejandro as he decorated the tamale booth. As he placed artificial flowers, gaily painted leaves, and paper flags, he spoke of his role as one of the owners of the ranch.

"My father and my brother Javier take care of the work and the workers here. My brother, Juan, as you know, is an architect. He enlarged the chapel. I take care of the people's welfare and social needs."

I wondered what he meant by that.

"Did you not see the white building outside the wall? Well, it is a school. We now have a school here. This annual *fiesta* is also a part of my job. I pay for it out of the money I make from my paintings.

"Then, we instruct the people in hygiene. I see to it that we have a supply of medicine, and when someone is seriously ill, I send for a doctor or get the patient to the hospital.

"On special days, I bring a priest here to say Mass. Sometimes, priests from the city come for a vacation and rest. They want to say Mass every day; thus, sometimes we have Mass each morning for a month or two.

"My next project is to build

small, model homes for the ranch hands. The money I will receive for my CATHOLIC DIGEST covers will help me to do this. We have 100 people living here. I will need quite a sum to build these homes."

I marveled. Here was a family that had trained its sons to care for both the physical and spiritual well-being of the people. I began to understand why Alejandro, young as he is, has such a serene countenance and why his art seems to capture such a profound religious spirit.

At seven that night, we were ready. The lights were turned on, and the courtyard became a wonderland. The little ones' eyes gleamed and their mouths gaped.

Sparklers were given to all the children; as they ran, they filled the yard with little stars. Girls in gypsy costumes mingled with the crowd. Flower girls sold boutonnières. Two mock policewomen with rifles took the rowdy off to jail, where freedom could be bought for a small fine. Alejandro had designed the gypsy, flower-girl, and police-girl costumes.

Lines formed at all the booths. I noticed that the children were turning in paper tickets for steaming tamales and other Mexican delicacies. Father Barreto told me that the children had received the tickets each time they had attended catechism class. Every child had a handful.

The *pastores*, or shepherds, in all

their regalia, marched into a small corral at one end of the courtyard. Here they put on a fine burlesque of a bull fight. Those in pink and blue watched with stolid calm. One of the devils, with swirled horns, stamped his feet, snorted, and charged furiously at the rancher and friar.

The rancher took a ridiculously small lace handkerchief from his pocket and made awkward passes at the bull, while the friar was butted out of the bull's way every now and then. The white-trousered men and their wives, some with babies in their arms, crowded up to see the fun. Finally, another devil leaped onto the rancher's back, and they galloped out of the corral. The *pastores* broke up, and made their way toward the food booths.

As I was watching two little boys do a take-off on the bull fight, I felt a timid tap on my arm. One of the blue-clad *pastores* removed his hat, and said, "*Señora*, you understand Spanish, do you not?"

"*Yés, señor*, I do."

"*Señora*, you see, there is a problem. Two young girls have journeyed here from another town. They came all this way because they had heard of your husband, and thought that he would play. Now it is almost time for them to take the last bus back home. They study the violin. Do you think, *señora*, that it would be possible for your husband to play a small piece? Only one? Just for them?

It would mean so much to them."

The two young girls came up. Both were wearing fresh cotton dresses. Their black hair was neatly braided into a crown over their heads.

They followed John through the grilled gate to the hacienda veranda. Soon others came, and John never played to a more appreciative audience.

Earlier that day, Alejandro had made a rock terrace by the chapel. The image of the Christ Child was set on one of the levels. Now, three young men, dressed as the Magi in gorgeous robes designed by Alejandro, came up. The three stood, each on a different level, around the Child.

The people gathered near the chapel. Lights were turned off in the courtyard, and onto the tableau. Gasps of delight escaped the crowd.

"They are not real, are they?" whispered one young girl.

"What do you think?" said her companion. "That's Pedro up there in the green."

"Who would have thought it. Isn't it beautiful?"

A little child tugged at her mother's skirts, and said, "Are they saints?"

"Hush, they are the Three Kings."

The lights were turned off, and the people went home under a starry sky. Artists, Indians, peasants, townspeople, and a priest had mingled to thank God for the great gift of his Son.

The priest who had to take Po-yu's eyes away gave him back the light

Father Raymond's Blind Smuggler

By IRENE CORBALLY KUHN

FATHER RAYMOND, skillfully zig-zagging his bicycle between ruts and mudholes, had no idea that tragedy awaited him just around a turn in the road. It was a fresh spring morning in 1938, a day so idyllic that it had brought a smile to the lips of the lanky Belgian missionary and momentarily chased grave problems from his mind. The only foreigner in a populous district 100 miles south of Peiping, in North China, he was perpetually troubled by two foes, the invading Japanese and the Chinese communists.

As he pedaled around the bend, he heard a cry of agony from a near-by field. He stopped. People were running toward him, calling, and above their shouts the screaming rose again and again. In the middle of the field, a cluster of farmers were holding a struggling

figure. Father Raymond ran to join them.

When he came near, he saw that the shuddering cries were coming from a youth of 19 or 20. Father Raymond winced, uttered a quick prayer. The youth's eyes were hideously burned and swollen.

As the priest put strong hands on his shoulders, the sufferer cried, "Let me go! I want to die!"

"He makes fireworks," one old farmer said. "His name is Po-yu. As he was filling the big firecrackers, the powder exploded, and burned out his eyes. He has been running all over the field trying to find a well to throw himself into."

Father Raymond spoke soothingly. "I can help you, son. I have a dispensary in my village of An Kwo. Come with me. Perhaps I can even cure your eyes."

"How can I go with you,"



moaned Po-yu, "in this blackness?"

"Come," Father Raymond said.

Po-yu allowed himself to be led to the road. Father Raymond found a long, stout stick. He tied one end to his bicycle and had Po-yu hold the other end. He cycled slowly, with the blinded youth stumbling along behind.

Father Raymond's dispensary was remarkably well prepared to handle injuries or diseases of the eye. He and the Chinese nuns (all Sisters of St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus) who staffed it had been trained by a great Polish eye specialist. Their instructor, Father Wenceslas Szuniewicz, had won European fame as an ophthalmologist before he joined the Vincentian order and went to China as a missionary. He had opened a hospital in Shunteh. There, Father Raymond had learned how to treat eye diseases and perform simple operations.

Father Raymond gave Po-yu into the care of Sister Dorothy, who was a native of Wang Mai, Po-yu's village. He then went into his tiny office, and knelt in prayer. After that, he consulted one of his medical books. He closed it with a sigh. He knew what he had to do.

The long walk had drained the last traces of the suffering Po-yu's strength and courage. Father Raymond sat beside him. "I can help you," he said. "I can take away the pain. I shall have to take away your eyes, too, and then the pain

will go soon and you will not feel it again."

"But I shall never be able to see the light of the sun again!" the boy cried.

"That is true," Father Raymond told him. "But I promise you that you will see another kind of light, a brighter light than the sun."

"What kind of light can a blind man see?" asked Po-yu bitterly. But the priest replied, "It is an inner light, one that comes from God. You will not dwell in darkness. You will see everything in this light in which God dwells. It is a thousand times purer and brighter than sunlight."

Without hope, Father Raymond thought, no man can live. The youth would have to have a bridge between his despair and the future until his sense of self-preservation would reassert itself.

Po-yu listened intently. He was only 20. He could feel the sunlight he could no longer see. He began to sob without tears, a terrible dry weeping. Sister Dorothy buried her head in her hands. Father Raymond's lips moved in prayer, and his hand fell gently on Po-yu's bowed back. Presently the sobbing ceased. "I am ready," Po-yu whispered.

They gave him an anesthetic, and Father Raymond skillfully removed the seared eyeballs. Sister Dorothy sat by Po-yu's cot and talked to him through the night. The priest came in early in the

morning to begin the spiritual bridge-building with a storytelling therapy he had devised.

First he conjured up lovely images of Christ's early life: the Bethlehem scene; Jesus as a little boy with Mary, his mother; Jesus helping Joseph in the carpenter shop; Jesus playing with other children, or astounding the scholars. During the long weeks of Po-yu's convalescence, Father Raymond told him stories illustrating God's mercy, his love for all his children. He frequently spoke of a soft golden light that flowed around Christ, the Son of God, a light softer than the sun's rays, gentler, more golden.

"I see it flowing from Christ," he told Po-yu. "I see it falling upon you."



Always, when he talked thus, Father Raymond placed Po-yu in the sunshine so that its healing warmth would fall on his face. "The warmth goes in through the places where your eyes were," he'd

say; and day after day, Po-yu would touch the bandages, then the closing wounds, and, finally, the completely healed sockets.

Six months after the accident, Father Raymond baptized Po-yu. He called him Joseph, the name he gave all his Chinese male converts. He named all the women Mary. This system made it easy for him to keep track of his flock—to distinguish Christians from non-Christians in any village where he wanted to take a quick census.

Po-yu had days of deep despair, when he would bitterly reproach the priest for having saved him. For a time, Father Raymond remained silent during these outbursts. But one day he asked Po-yu, "Do you still want to die, then?"

The youth hesitated. "I do not find life very interesting," he answered.

"Well," Father Raymond went on, "you are a Christian and a Catholic now, and you must not take your own life, for that would be a great sin."

Po-yu nodded gloomily.

"But," the priest said casually, "you can take a dangerous job. You *may* be killed at it. If someone else kills you, you'll have achieved your ambition and you can't be blamed. At the same time, you'll be making some money for yourself."

Po-yu lifted his head. "What would I have to do?" he asked.

And that was how Po-yu became a smuggler, operating right under the noses of the communist military officials who ruled his district. He smuggled a wine called *kao liang yu*, which the Chinese regard much as the French regard champagne—a ceremonial beverage used especially for celebrations connected with coming of age, betrothal, marriage, the birth of a child. The Reds had prohibited trade in *kao liang yu* on the ground that all the cereal grass from which it is made was needed for their army.

Po-yu began making 60-mile journeys on foot to the city of Paoting and back. In Paoting he would buy two huge jars of the precious wine. These he would carry, carefully wrapped, in cloth bags suspended from a bamboo pole slung across his shoulder. He tapped his way with a stick.

It took him eight days for the round trip, but each journey was profitable. Back home, he would sell the wine in small bottles. His neighbors, appreciating the risk he was running, paid him well. Father Raymond put away all his money for him. Gradually Po-yu became so absorbed in both the adventurous and commercial aspects of his occupation that his fits of despair were less frequent, though he still would speak longingly of death now and then.

For several months he carried on his traffic without mishap, in the

face of increasingly severe regulations. Then, one day, he was stopped by some soldiers. When they saw what Po-yu had been doing, they were furious. "You're guilty of a shocking crime!" one of them shouted. "You will be buried alive!"



Po-yu was overjoyed. Grinning happily, he bowed and said, "Ah, that is exactly what I have desired for a long time. Please accept my thanks, comrade soldier!"

His bewildered captors looked suspiciously at Po-yu. Then they took him to their captain and had him repeat what he had said. Once again, Po-yu insisted that nothing would make him happier than to be buried alive. It would be equally agreeable, he added, to be shot or beheaded. In any case, the sooner the better.

The captain ordered them to let the madman go. Why accommodate anyone who obviously considered death a reward, not a

punishment? They confiscated the wine and sent Po-yu on his way.

It was a crestfallen and puzzled Po-yu who trudged back to An Kwo. Father Raymond, listening to his story, smiled a broad smile of quiet satisfaction. But he simulated anger.

"You are a fool, Po-yu!" he exclaimed. "All along, you have said that you wanted to die. I figured out this elaborate business to help you get your wish without staining your soul with suicide. Now what happens? When the communists threaten to kill you, you tell them it's just what you want."

"Of course, they're not going to do something that *you* want. So now you've missed your chance. You'll just have to live, that's all."

Po-yu was silent and thoughtful for a long time. Father Raymond waited. "You know what, Father?" said Po-yu suddenly. "I'm less interested in dying now than I was before. I'm glad I was such a fool. I want to live now."

"Good!" said Father Raymond briskly. "We'll change your trade then. You'd better go into something less dangerous." So Po-yu began to carry bolts of cloth from Paoting, a safe business, though not so profitable.

One day Father Raymond met a young blind girl on the road. It is rural etiquette in China that a man may never speak to a woman unless he knows her. Therefore, Father Raymond made ornate ex-

cuses before asking the girl, "Have you been blind from youth or are you only recently without the use of your eyes?"

The girl, who was only 18, said that her affliction was recent. Blindness had developed in three days after she had suffered a long illness. Her family was poor; before she was stricken, she had worked to earn her keep. But now she had to go from village to village, begging food to keep alive.

"Wouldn't you like to be able to earn your own way once more?" asked Father Raymond gently. "Oh, yes!" she replied. He told her who he was, and said that he would take her to the Sisters at the mission. When she agreed, he once again tied a stout pole to his bicycle so that she could follow easily.

The Mother superior welcomed the girl; the Sisters taught her to weave. Her name was Ai-chen; of course, Father Raymond called her Mary when he baptized her. She was pretty, healthy, and good-tempered, and soon Father Raymond began to speculate on the romantic possibilities in the situation.

"Every day I became more and more convinced she'd be a good wife for Po-yu," he recalled later. "But I knew that they'd have to have at least one pair of eyes to see for them. So one day I just went to the bishop, and said, 'May I have an orphan?' When I explained what I had in mind, he

promised that I might have an orphan girl to be their eyes when they were married.

"Of course, I hadn't spoken to either of them about the matter. I sounded out Po-yu first. 'Wouldn't you like to be head of a house one day, with a wife and family?'"

"Of course I would," he said. 'But who'd have me?'"

"Then I told him about the little blind girl. He was interested. But I didn't bring them together right away. I let him think the matter over.

"Next I conveyed my plan to Ai-chen through the Sisters. She was shy at first, but she was interested, too. So we arranged for the two to meet. They liked each other from the start, and Po-yu and Ai-chen became engaged.

"I helped them rent a small house, and found a little shop for Po-yu to buy. And then I introduced them to the 12-year-old orphan girl who needed a home and folks of her own as much as they needed her eyes.

"I married Po-yu and Ai-chen one day in autumn. It was a year and a half after I had come upon Po-yu screaming in the field, trying to kill himself."

The resourceful priest had the satisfaction of seeing the little family grow. When First Son was born, Father Raymond described the infant to his happy young parents. The very first question Po-yu asked was "How are his eyes?"

"They are big and beautiful," Father Raymond told him. "They are twice as big as one usually sees in a new baby. And they are round eyes, the best kind." For the Chinese do not like the long, heavy-lidded "serpent eye," as they call it.

Another child was born to them before Father Raymond was arrested by the Japanese in 1943 and put into a concentration camp for the duration of the war. A few days before he left, Po-yu put into his hands a *pien*, a large piece of carved wood bearing Chinese characters in gold leaf. Po-yu had fashioned the carving himself during many months. A scholar had done the lettering, but the words were Po-yu's own: "He gave me back the light." Father Raymond hung the *pien* over the dispensary gate.

On the day Father Raymond was taken away, Po-yu, Ai-chen, and their children stood outside the dispensary with all his other friends to call farewell. At the edge of An Kwo, the priest paused for a last, fond glance at the community in which he had labored for 13 years.

The village was bathed in benevolent sunshine. And Father Raymond saw Po-yu lifting up his sightless eyes to it, and holding up his first-born to catch its warmth. Above their heads, as the breeze stirred the *pien*, there was a quick flash of gold from Po-yu's message: He gave me back the light.

Hearts Are Trumps



WANTED: A LITTLE BOY

Is there any place where we can borrow a little boy three or four years old for the Christmas holidays? We have a nice home and would take wonderful care of him and bring him back safe and sound. We used to have a little boy, but he couldn't stay, and we miss him so when Christmas comes! Address "Christmas," Box 313, Philadelphia *Inquirer*, Philadelphia, Pa.



THE 14-LINE classified ad in our local paper clutched my heart-strings. I knew the pain of losing a loved one. My husband had been killed in action in the 2nd World War. Thank God, he had left me someone to remember him by: our son, whom he had never seen. Why *not* share my boy with someone less fortunate than I? I answered the ad.

The advertiser turned out to be a widower who now lived with his mother. He had lost both his wife and his little boy the same year. "Christmas is a happy time," he wrote, "even for the likes of me. But to know the full joy of it, I must see it reflected in the eyes of a

little child. I can't ask you to give up your little boy, even for an hour or two, on Christmas. But perhaps you could share him with me? Mother and I would be very happy if you both could have Christmas dinner with us. Yours sincerely, Harvey Muller."

We went, and never—not even when I was a child—have I known a more blessed Christmas. Harvey said it was the same for him.

But that was only the beginning. Harvey and I have been happily married for seven years now, and each Christmas, as we share it with *our* son, we offer God special thanks for His kindness in bringing us together.

Mrs. Harvey Muller.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Contributions for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

The Knights of Columbus Sail On

*Their principles of charity, unity, fraternity, and patriotism
are in full operation*

By DENIS DEFOREST



SUPPOSE SOME THRIFTY Texan announced that he had bought the Taj Mahal and was having it moved to his ranch as a guest house. The deal would cause no more to-do than was aroused by the purchase, in 1953, by the Knights of Columbus, of ground upon which the Yankee stadium stands, and some adjacent plots. The price was \$2½ million.

Immediate result of the transaction was a flood of letters from K of C members asking whether their membership cards would be good for admission to all stadium events or just the regularly scheduled Yankee games plus the World Series, if any.

These, of course, were tongue-in-cheek inquiries. But they were indicative of a large, and sometimes embarrassing, misconception of what the Knights of Columbus are. They are not proprietors of a self-filling uranium mine whose ore is slightly contaminated by diamonds.

The knights are, essentially, just what they were at the time of their establishment in 1882: a fraternal benefit society of Catholic men.

There are, of course, more of them; they numbered 964,135 last June 30, and can hardly miss passing the million mark by the middle of 1956. They are in more places: their 3,629 councils are spread throughout the U.S., Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines. Their activities are more numerous and varied. But for 73 years their course has been that charted by their founder, Father Michael J. McGivney.

Father McGivney anticipated by about 50 years the Catholic Action formula, "Observe, Judge, Act," which, in the 1930's, was the inspiring slogan of the Jocsists and similar groups. As a young curate he had gone from the funerals of many of the fathers of his parish to their bereaved homes and observed the lack of even temporary provision for the needs of widows and children. He judged that these needs should and could be met. He acted by bringing together a small group of men of the parish and organizing the Knights of Columbus, in 1882, for the following purposes.

1. To render pecuniary aid to its

members and beneficiaries of members.

2. To render mutual aid and assistance to its sick and disabled members.

3. To promote such social and cultural intercourse among its members as shall be desirable and proper.

4. To promote and conduct educational, charitable, religious, social welfare, war relief, and welfare and public-relief work.

The first of these purposes is expressed in the operation of a system of insurance for eligible members of the society. Some 340,000 of the membership now have more than \$500 million insurance in force. The society has paid out more than \$113 million in benefits to members and dependents, and has insurance assets of more than \$102 million.

This is where the Yankee-stadium deal, and the purchase of other properties by the knights, comes in. That \$102 million has to be so invested that its earnings will reach the interest assumption on which the society's insurance system is based. In today's economy, the gilt on the edge of conventional securities just isn't heavy enough. Something had to be added to the K of C investment policy to raise the average of earnings on insurance funds.

The present supreme knight, Luke E. Hart, has been an influential member of the society's administration since 1918, and the inspiration of many of its major

activities. He favored purchase and leasing back of desirable business properties as a solution of the problem. The plan has been successful. It has elements that mystify the innocent bystander: the seller is happy to sell; the K of C is happy with the return on its investment—and stands to wind up with the principal amount back in hand, and owning the properties, to boot. Obviously, imagination can sometimes take the place of mirrors, and even of uranium mines, which the knights have not. That \$102 million of insurance assets, and whatever may be added to it, is earmarked for meeting obligations to insured members, and no part of it can be used for any other purpose, however worthy.

What the knights ever actually have in the way of freely usable assets is held in a relatively small barrel whose bottom is almost always clearly visible to the naked eye. The money that goes into it is derived from a per-capita tax on members, currently \$2.20 a year. It does not remain in the barrel long enough to gather dust, and has never piled high enough to strain the upper hoops—which is quite all right with the knights but is not always understood by the numerous promoters of eminently worthy and pious causes.

The rapid "in-again-out-again" action of the per-capita barrel has provided the support of many projects which come under the catchall terms of the 4th stated purpose of

the society, "to promote and conduct educational, charitable, religious, social-welfare, war-relief, and welfare and public-relief work."

Among notable current examples are the Catholic advertising program, inaugurated by the knights on a national scale in January, 1948. Statements of Catholic doctrine and practice have been placed regularly in secular periodicals of large circulation in the U.S. and Canada, and elsewhere. Almost 2 million inquiries have resulted, and almost 200,000 have been enrolled in the free course of Catholic instruction by mail offered to everyone who responds to an ad. The cost of the advertising space and the handling of the inquiries has been more than \$3 million to date. Knights are eagerly picking up this tab at the rate of 80¢ a year per member, paid as a special assessment, and the general sentiment is strongly for extending the scope of the work.

Another current project is the society's foundation for the preservation of historic documents at the Vatican library, established in July, 1951. This involves the microfilming of important manuscripts in the Vatican library. Scholars are free to consult microfilms at the foundation's depository at St. Louis university, in whose projected Pope Pius XII Memorial library the collection eventually will be housed. The knights are underwriting the cost of the microfilming, soon to be

completed. The bill will be about \$150,000. His Holiness referred to the foundation as a "worth-while contribution to that Christian learning which the Church has ever fostered as part of its mission of peace and its educational function in the cause of truth and universal understanding among peoples."

The society, in 1944, established a \$1 million trust fund to provide college educations for sons and daughters of members killed or totally disabled in the 2nd World War. Each grant covers all the expenses of a four-year course, leading to a B.A. degree, at a Catholic college of the student's choice; there are no strings. At the end of 1954, 16 had been graduated, 23 were currently enrolled, and about 400 others will enjoy the benefits of the fund.

The money for this fund was cheerfully paid in by the members, through a special assessment, over a four-year period. Out of their annual per-capita payments comes the cost of maintaining the headquarters of the society in New Haven, Conn., where about 400 are employed, as well as the expense of the modern printing plant where the society's monthly magazine is published and the large amount of printed matter used in the society's operation is produced.

The knights contributed, in 1907, the then very respectable sum of \$500,000 to endow scholarships at the Catholic University of America.

They chipped in another \$50,000 to endow a chair of American history at the same university.

They administered, without gripes, several millions of dollars in publicly contributed funds for the benefit of Allied servicemen during the 1st World War. Their simple and effective slogan was "Everybody Welcome, Everything Free."

When, in 1922, a law was enacted in Oregon which would prevent children from attending private and parochial schools, the knights came to the aid of Archbishop Christie of Portland by providing \$25,000 to meet the legal expense of carrying the issue to the Supreme Court. There the law was ruled unconstitutional. Now that the inclination toward compulsory public-school education has appeared again in our day, the knights are aware and watchful.

The Church in Mexico suffered bitter persecution in the 1920's. The knights authorized their supreme board of directors "to assess our membership to the extent of \$1 million for a campaign of education, to the end that the politics of Soviet Russia shall be eliminated from the philosophy of American life and the ideals of liberty of conscience and democratic freedom may extend to our afflicted fellow human beings beyond the Rio Grande."

In 1920, Pope Benedict XV called attention to the need of recreation facilities for the children of Rome.

The knights established a fund of \$1½ million to set up and maintain six playgrounds in the Eternal City. A seventh has since been added. So universally recognized was the purpose of the establishments that all continued to operate during the 2nd World War, when the U.S. and Italy were on opposite sides.

Now, how about knights in the states, cities, and towns? The picture is the same; it just covers less area. There is one difference, however. The supreme council, through its headquarters bookkeeping, can account for every dollar that has had a fast ride through its "barrel." The state and local "subordinate" councils would be hard put to do likewise.

It has been the habit of the knights on the state, and especially on the local, level to strike wherever the iron is hot and in need of a fashioning thump. Should the bishop need a little help with this or that, the state knights rally 'round. A pastor may have a building problem; a mother superior may be charged with the direction of a hospital or an orphanage or a home for the aged. Should they run into some difficulty, the members of a local council are likely to help with the solution. They are habitual suppliers of school equipment, new heating systems, support for Newman clubs, movie projectors, seminary burses, "iron lungs"—you name it. This goes on year in and year out, in unspectacular fashion,

and the total of the benefits rendered has never been computed.

The men who carry on these good works at the state and local-council level don't get any financial nourishment from the supreme council, which, in fact, has none to give. When a state council takes over support of a home for boys who need one, it's on its own to make it go. When a local council undertakes to see that every child in an orphanage gets what he or she has dreamed of in the way of Christmas gifts, the members are on their own in the matter of making good.

Obviously, such operations call for the presence of a considerable number of people who, by conventional "what's-in-it-for-us" stand-

ards, would be considered slightly wacky. The knights are providentially endowed with an essential and priceless asset: Catholic men of all professions, trades, and states of life who willingly put in countless hours of mental and manual labor to help along whatever their society is undertaking to do. This labor is all "for free," and it explains why the knights are stepping ahead so briskly in their 73rd year. They run on a sort of spiritual atomic engine, the inexhaustible enthusiasm of Catholic men working together under the principles of the society: Charity, Unity, Fraternity, and Patriotism.

Who would exchange that asset for such a trifle as a uranium mine?



Fact . . .

SOVIET FOREIGN MINISTER V. M. Molotov called upon the Western powers to reduce their armed forces and liquidate their foreign military bases without waiting for an international agreement on disarmament. Soviet Premier Bulganin told President Eisenhower that the proposed disarmament program should provide for prompt renunciation and abolition of all atomic weapons.

AP dispatches (23 Sept. '55).



. . . And Fable

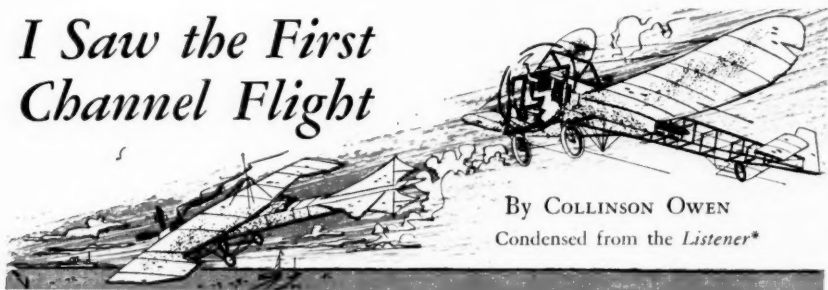
"WHY SHOULD there always be this internecine and implacable war between us?" said the wolves to the sheep. "Those evil-disposed dogs have much to answer for. They always bark whenever we approach you, and attack us before we have done any harm. If you would only dismiss them from your heels, there might soon be treaties of reconciliation between us."

The sheep, poor silly creatures, were easily beguiled, and dismissed the dogs. The wolves destroyed the unguarded flock at their own pleasure.

Æsop (circa 555 B.C.)

*The man who failed twice should be remembered
along with the man who succeeded*

I Saw the First Channel Flight



By COLLINSON OWEN

Condensed from the *Listener**

FORTY-SIX YEARS ago I wrote the story of one of the most exciting events in the history of aviation: the first flight across the English Channel. That story involved not only a historic triumph but also two dramatic failures. Everyone has heard of Louis Blériot, who succeeded. Many will have forgotten, or not even heard of, Hubert Latham, who twice failed, once six days before Blériot's triumph, and again just after.

In 1909 I was a young newspaper correspondent in Paris, a wonderful city then, not yet smothered in automobiles. It was a wonderful world. Mr. Lenin had not yet been heard of, nor Mr. Stalin, nor Corporal Hitler. But, of course, the Kaiser was very well known, and that had some bearing on the event. The airplane had come to France, and many serious Frenchmen, even some Englishmen, were saying, "Ah, this will make Germany think

a bit!" And among the famous aviation names in every mind in France was a new one: Hubert Latham. Down at Mourmelon-le-Grand on the great plain of Châlons he was flying a beautiful new monoplane, the *Antoinette*, which fired all imaginations.

I decided to go to see him at work. A long railway ride, a carriage along a country road, the wide plain, and then—a great roar in the air and a tremendous sight. Flying towards and over me, looking very like the monoplane Leonardo da Vinci sketched 400 years before, came the new monarch of the skies. I stood up in the carriage and tried to outyell the 50-horsepower engine. Latham was flying at a great height—about 150 feet.

Within an hour, I was talking with him. He was 26, slightly stooped, at times icily reserved, always smoking a cigarette: very attractive, but not a volatile French-

*35 Marylebone High St., London, England. Aug. 11, 1955. © 1955 by the British Broadcasting Corp., and reprinted with permission.

man. Indeed, he was of English extraction, and had been to Oxford. His English was slightly stilted, perhaps an affectation. He made it clear that he was French. He knew that all France was watching him, and felt that the whole world would shortly be doing the same. Several times I saw him fly, once or twice for more than an hour. Then, a few weeks later, came the news that he was going to attempt the Channel.

On a vile midsummer night I went to Calais. Latham's quarters were in huts atop the cliff. His engineer-inventor Levavasseur, maker of both plane and engine, burly, red-bearded, and jovial, was with him; also a group of smart Parisiennes, all adorers of Latham. The news hawks were gathering, from France, Germany, America, Britain. I, as one who had seen Latham fly at Mourmelon, was accepted as an expert.

Weeks passed, mostly filthy weather. Then, one fine morning, Latham made a short trial flight over land. The 100 or so watching were ecstatic about the *Antoinette*; at once, we all became optimists. All those many days, a destroyer was waiting on Latham's and Levavasseur's decision. There was also a big tug waiting at the docks to fish the aircraft out of the sea should that become necessary.

One night, I decided to wait for dawn on the tug. The weather looked promising. More than that,

I had decided that Latham's nerve was near the breaking point. There was strain between him and Levavasseur, who had both man and machine to think of. And Latham knew it was time to give the world results.

An acquaintance of mine in the hotel, a marine surveyor from England, jumped at the offer to accompany me on the tug. My friend carried an imposing camera. A few hours later, it was snapping scenes which could not be matched in the long history of transport.

For Latham did fly that morning, and as the dawn came, and the sun, we saw the destroyer racing out, then the glint of silver wings high in air, and we pounded after. Think of it: an airship over the sea, the first since time began!

Then we saw the destroyer stand almost on its propellers and switch violently to starboard. Everybody on the tug was yelling that he must be down. And he was.

At last we plodded up. There, standing at the destroyer's rail in seaman's clothes, was Latham. The *Antoinette* lay like a huge albatross flat on the water, its nose secured to the warship. It seemed undamaged. The shouting was terrific.

As our tug secured the tail, a French sailor jumped from the destroyer down through a wing. I had seen one of those wings made, a fairy network of cabinet-making, built on the system of the Eiffel Tower; delicate as a bird's

wing, but very strong, with five kinds of wood in it. The thoughtless sailor knocked a thousand pieces into the Channel. Then the ironic sea joined in the fun, pushing our big tug broadside against the destroyer. There was a sickening crash of timber. In an instant, tens of thousands of wing fragments lay on the blue water.

So, an hour or so later, our tug steamed into Calais, the shattered albatross hanging high from a derrick. Ashore, in hot sunshine, stood tens of thousands of people, watching, silent. We rushed to a druggist to get the films developed; more excitement, because the druggist, having seen what was in his hands, did not wish to give the negatives back. Then the rush for the afternoon boat, and so to Dover, to London, with four or five columns to write about the first airplane to hit the sea.

Back to Calais. Latham was going to try again. We watchers were now rather more excited than ever, Latham rather more reserved, Levassieur serious indeed, all joviality gone. Then came something dramatic, almost frightening. Blériot came on the scene with his absurd little monoplane, not a bit like the beautiful new *Antoinette* now waiting under its tent up near the old engine house a mile away.

Blériot's machine had a three-cylinder Anzani engine, of only a few horsepower, and at the most had flown 16 miles across country,

not 25 miles across the sea. Moreover, he had hurt himself recently in a plane accident, and was using crutches. Worse even than all this, in its way, the little aircraft was wheeled for the night into a large henhouse. What mixed feelings they must have had up at Latham's headquarters!

We old hands were not going to be caught napping by this determined-looking Blériot. That Sunday morning, our cars begin to collect outside his henhouse. Dawn comes, fine and calm, and the plane comes out of its hangar. Of course, we expected that hours would pass while things were done; we were used to that.

But what's this? Blériot, with that bold eagle nose of his, already sitting in his seat, looks very intent. He drops his crutches overboard. You're not going to tell us that he's ready for a practice flight. But he is! He's rolling along—he's *up!*

He sweeps round in a wide circle, height about 100 feet. At this rate, he'll be off to Dover before he is many days older. He descends, comes to rest close by, and aren't we—we experts—talking! That old argument starts again over what may happen when an airplane, especially a small one like this, flies off a cliff edge. The upward draft from the water would very likely overturn it as it went over the edge, some declared.

Blériot still sits in his plane,

seeming to give instructions. The plane moves again. You're certainly not going to tell us that without destroyer, without crutches, he's going to . . . but yes, he is off over that cliff edge, his adventurous nose pointed to Dover.

We rushed to the cliff, gazing after the mad adventurer. Below, the French destroyer, caught napping, was frantically trying to get steam up. I was standing between two men, sharing the same telescope: the Hon. C. S. Rolls, whose name was on an already rather well-known motorcar, and Robert Loraine, the actor, both soon to make their own flying history. (Not many months later, Rolls himself flew the Channel, both ways, and within the year was killed flying at Bournemouth; about a year later, Loraine flew the Irish Sea.)

Blériot's small plane diminished to a speck, then, in ten or 12 minutes, disappeared in slight mist. Then uproar broke out. Our cars charged up the coast road.

Latham and Levasseur emerged from their beds to hear the terrible news: that Blériot was halfway to England, perhaps already there. Both were stricken, and showed it.

The few scores of us others stood waiting for news outside the engine house. Inside was a scientist, Thorne Baker, whom I knew well, sitting by a strange machine called a wireless telegraph with which he could communicate instantly with Dover,

and Dover with him. With such a machine as this, and such a man as Blériot about, what days we were living in!

Time passed, a long time. We became anxious. At length I heard Latham say, "I do hope nothing has happened to him." What was he really thinking? After all, if Blériot also failed, and was happily rescued from the Channel, Latham could still be the world's hero.

But at last a man ran from the engine house and cried out that Blériot was having breakfast in the Lord Warden hotel. So then, England had at last seen its first real cross-Channel plane—its most exciting invasion since William the Conqueror arrived in 1066. There was a cheer in which Latham tried to join. But it was hopeless. Here and there, some were exulting that Blériot had won. In a few moments Latham was frankly in tears. Levasseur put his arm around him.

All that time the mechanics had been working furiously on the new machine. Latham was now burning to go, *at once*. The machine was wheeled up sloping ground to the take-off. But wind was rising, and Levasseur didn't try to conceal deep anxiety.

Latham was ready in his seat. Engine trouble followed. Then the discussion between the two men became almost a quarrel. Levasseur looked out over the white-capped Channel. He gave his final No. So, broken, dejected, hero and engineer

walked, separately, to their headquarters. The story of the Channel flight was over.

So to Dover, and London, and another four or five columns to greet the new world. Two days later, I was once again on the way back to Paris. At Dover I saw signs of excitement, asked the cause, and was told, "Latham's flying again."

I dashed to the beach, and there, only about three miles out, the second *Antoinette* was coming strongly in. Bravo, Latham! Fine fellow, you've done it this time. And then—no, it's not possible—the plane seems to be slanting down. It is, and a mile out hits the water with a mighty splash. Boats dash out. He is brought in, within a few feet of where I stand. He looks terrible, and this time there is a big cut on his forehead.

I do not speak to him. This is no time to ask, "To what do you attribute your second failure, Mr. Latham?" I had seen his engine run an hour and more. Less than half that, and he would have been France's hero. I am thinking of Levavasseur, too. This will break him badly.

Once again back to London, and a column or so on what now seemed

a mere postscript to the great triumph of another man. Latham had had no luck. In my own way, I had had a great deal. No other man had witnessed those three historic scenes of mid-Channel, the Calais cliffs, and Dover.

Despite their ill fortune, both men fought back hard. A month later, at the famous first flying meeting at Rheims, Latham did well. Two months later, Levavasseur told me at his factory that he was to build a seaworthy plane to take Latham to Africa. But both men and plane faded from the public eye.

Latham, still an enigma, went to the Congo to shoot big game. Was it to cure a broken heart? Anyhow, a charging buffalo killed him.

Poor Latham: after all, he started all ocean flying. Ten years later, Alcock and Brown flew the Atlantic. Now, every year millions fly thousands of miles in a few hours. One other thing is certain: not even Latham or Levavasseur, nor C. S. Rolls nor Loraine, thought as far ahead as this on that early morning when Blériot threw his crutches overboard, and took to the air over the sea.

What If He Sneezed?

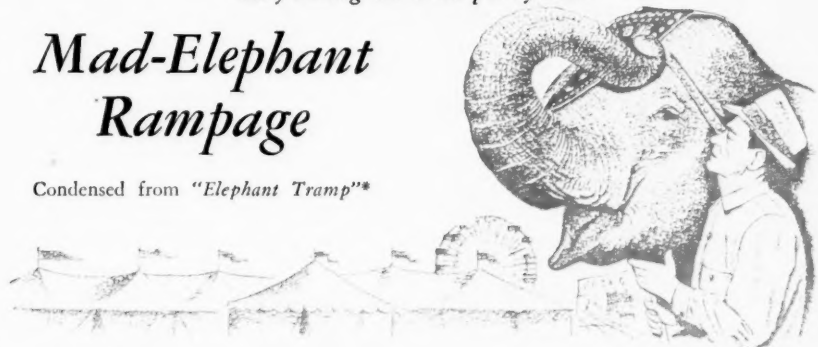
OFFICER CLANCY nearly swallowed his whistle when he spotted a tiny foreign sports car coming down the street in a series of grasshopper-like jumps. He waved the driver to the curb. "What's going on here?" he demanded.

"Sorry, officer, I have the hiccups," the driver explained. *Coronet* (Sept. '55).

*Slim, Sleepy, and Double-Ugly Red spend Christmas eve
baby-sitting an irate pachyderm*

Mad-Elephant Rampage

Condensed from "Elephant Tramp"



TUSKO WAS THE greatest elephant ever to live in America. He weighed more than seven tons, and stood ten feet, two inches tall. He was mean. Every circus in the country had outlawed him as too dangerous.

For years I had dreamed of being his handler. When I heard the news of his sale, I hurried out to Oregon. Tusko, considered at one time a bargain at \$6,000, had been sold at a sheriff's sale for \$1. The buyer was Sleepy Gray, a circus teamster. He was going to exhibit Tusko in Portland. Jack O'Grady, an old partner of mine, was going to try to handle him.

But Tusko had other ideas. A week or so after I arrived in Oregon, Tusko reached out suddenly, seized Jack around the ankles with his trunk, and started to draw him in under his tusks to finish him off.

As he went down, Jack threw his arms around a post and held on

By GEORGE LEWIS
As told to Byron Fish

for dear life. At the same time, I grabbed a pitchfork and threatened Tusko, shouting, "Leggo! Drop it! What do you think you're doing?"

To our amazement, Tusko released his hold on Jack's leg and backed up a step or two. As he resumed eating his hay, he kept his eyes on me.

Jack stumbled out of reach, and sat down. "Holy smoke!" he said shakily. "I thought I was a goner that time for sure." He looked at me. "Slim, you just got yourself a job. He's come too close too often."

For several weeks, life was good. We counted out \$30 or \$40 in our cigar-box cash register each night, and each night the take was divided among us, except for a few dollars we set aside for Tusko's feed. We lived for the day and hoped that

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tomorrow would take care of itself.

Just before Christmas, we welcomed Double-Ugly Red to our informal hotel. He was an old circus hand who had been passing through Portland and had looked us up.

Our lucky streak ran out about then. Business began to fall off badly, and, when Christmas eve arrived, we had 80¢ among us to buy our Christmas dinner. Luckily, we still had a couple of tons of hay for Tusko.

"But I'm going to get awful tired of hay," Jack said sadly.

Two Portland policemen dropped in late that afternoon. Tusko was over on his platform, working diligently to unscrew the shackle pins that held the chains around his front feet.

"Look at him," Sleepy muttered. "He'll get himself loose yet."

The policemen laughed. "What are you boys going to do for Christmas dinner?" one of them said.

Jack counted the dime and four pennies in his pocket. "Things don't look so good," he said.

The policemen handed us tickets entitling us to Christmas dinner at Grandma's Kitchen, where many homeless and friendless men would sit down to a good meal the next day. The way things looked right then, we thought we were lucky to have some place to go.

Tusko rattled a shackle, and we glanced up at him. He had loosened the pin and was trying to unscrew it.

Jack stood up. "Look!" he shouted. "The old man's doing it!"

Tusko pulled the pin, and we all rose. We watched in horror as he twisted off the shackle and freed one front foot. He immediately began to work on the one holding the other front foot.

We told our policemen friends what would happen if Tusko managed to free himself completely. He would stampede through Portland, destroying everything and everybody in his path.

They looked at each other uneasily. "What are you going to do about it?" one of them said.

"Anybody who tries to put that chain back is a dead man," Jack told them. "I guess we aren't going to do anything."

"Well," one of the cops said rather abruptly, "guess we'd better be getting along. Merry Christmas, boys."

"Yeah, Merry Christmas," Sleepy answered gloomily.

None of us had an inspiration, so we turned in. We left Double-Ugly Red on watch with orders to pitch rocks at Tusko's trunk whenever he took hold of his chains.

We hadn't been asleep long when Red shook us.

"Get up!" he shouted. "He's got the other chain off and I'm getting out of here right now!"

It looked as if the time had come to prepare for Tusko's execution, in the event he got his hind legs loose too, and tried to leave the

building. I telephoned police headquarters, asking them to send over a couple of men with high-powered rifles.

In a few minutes we heard a squad car, its siren screaming, squeal to a stop. Two policemen came in with automatic rifles. "What's up? Is he loose?" they asked.

"Not yet, but maybe pretty soon," Jack said. We settled ourselves to wait for Tusko's next move.

After he succeeded in getting the second foreleg chain off, Tusko had made no immediate attempt to move from where he stood. He remained still, thinking over what to do. The chains that held his back legs passed beneath the reinforced concrete wall of the building and were fastened to a large, concrete pillar outside. To break out would take some doing, even for Tusko.

There we sat for about an hour, Jack, Sleepy, Red, and I, with our elephant books in our laps, and the two policemen with their high-powered rifles across their knees. Tusko stood watching us with a gleam in his eye.

"I never thought I'd spend Christmas eve playing baby sitter to a mad elephant," one of the policemen said.

"We can't do anything until daylight," said Jack, "or until Tusko tries to leave the building."

When dawn came, Tusko was

still standing in the same spot. We tried getting a chain back around one of his legs, but each time he slapped it aside with his trunk, and trumpeted angrily.

Then someone suggested that I get into a steel barrel, to be rolled under Tusko. There, the theory was, I could reach out, put the chain around his leg, and be rolled back out of reach.

Anything seemed worth a try. I was about to enter the barrel when someone with imagination suggested it might be a good idea to roll it in to him empty first, to see what he would do.

It turned out to be a wonderful idea. When the barrel was rolled forward, Tusko placed his front feet on it and smashed it flat. I got the funniest feeling in the pit of my stomach.

Next we got hold of a long piece of cast-iron water main, about 18 inches in diameter. As the skinniest one, I was again nominated, this time to crawl through the pipe, reach out, and place the chain around Tusko's leg. The pipe weighed about a ton. Some of the trustees from the city jail were recruited to help handle it.

We began the job of pushing it in toward Tusko. He stood watching, wild-eyed. As the pipe came near him, he backed up a step or two and charged, striking the pipe full force with his trunk and knocking it back a good five feet. Again we pitted our combined strength to

push that length of pipe toward him, a few inches at a time. Again when it came within his reach, Tusko struck it away with his trunk as if it were a piece of rubber hose.

Eventually, Tusko tired of this nonsense. He turned around and charged the rear wall of the building. Our eyes popped. Cement chips and steel rods were flying in all directions, and there was a tiny hole in the wall. Tusko backed up and charged again.

The National Guard was called in at this point to reinforce the battle line thrown around Tusko. When the people of Portland began to stir about that mild Christmas morning, they were greeted by newsboys shouting that guns were being held on Tusko. The delighted population began to arrive by the thousands, the better to be among the first trampled if he should escape.

When Tusko at last succeeded in demolishing the wall of his building and stepped triumphantly into the open, he was greeted by a roar. He ran and lunged on his chains, but they held. He attacked the building several times to vent his wrath, but then he calmed down and began to explore the surrounding terrain as far as the chains on his hind legs would permit, a circle about 150 feet in diameter.

The National Guardsmen were stationed around this circle, rifles ready. Their orders were to fire

instantly if they received the command. Some of them were pretty young, and they looked more scared than efficient.

We noticed that each time Tusko took a step, his foot sank several inches. He was standing on what had been an old sawdust dump. Jack, Sleepy, and I held a conference, and agreed to try to snare Tusko with a steel cable.

A large truck, equipped with a powerful winch, was securely anchored a safe distance from Tusko. The cable from the winch was run out and laid on the ground with a loop in the end. The snare was carefully covered with straw and debris to conceal it.

A sack of oats was laid beside the concealed snare. We made a strategic withdrawal, and waited for Tusko to walk into our trap.

In a few moments, the bull stepped right into the center of the snare, his great foot sinking several inches into the soft surface. At the same instant, the driver was given the signal to apply power to his winch.

Tusko was pulled to the ground. A mighty cheer went up from the thousands of spectators. The big fellow was licked for the moment.

While he lay there, the cable was replaced with chain. This time we battered the shackle pins so he wouldn't be able to release himself once we had him back inside the building.

After we had secured the chains

round his two front legs, we gave him enough slack to rise to his feet. As he got up, he began to fight again, bracing himself and trumpeting.

We ran one front-leg chain through the building and out the front, where it was attached to the winch of another truck. The first truck kept the chain taut, and as one truck slowly drew Tusko inside, the other released its hold on him.

When Tusko saw what we were up to, he attempted to brace himself against the corner of the building. I grabbed a long-handled elephant hook, went up to him, jabbed him in the front of the head, and ordered the huge animal to back up.

Instead of backing up, Tusko charged. He struck me full force with his trunk and threw me about 20 feet through the air.

Fortunately, I was only dazed, but when I heard a howl of laughter go up from the crowd, it made me madder than Tusko's blow. I got to my feet in a blind rage.

"Get back!" I heard myself

shouting. "Get back in there before I kill you!"

Tusko seemed startled by my foolhardy display. Not only did he refrain from striking me again, but he backed up obediently beneath the rain of blows from my elephant hook and allowed himself to be drawn into the building, where his chains were securely fastened.

I was standing back rubbing my bruises and glowering at the crowd when one of our policemen friends pushed his way over to me. "Man, you really lammed him that time," he said admiringly. "You should have seen that kid, that young National Guardsman, standing behind you. When Tusko charged you, the kid dropped his rifle and ran out of there like the devil was after him."

Now that I knew what the horse laugh had been about, I felt better. The sight of the spectators descending on Tusko's quarters made me feel still more so. By the following morning, more than 3,000 persons had paid their dimes to get a close look at the creature who had threatened to trample them. We were back in business again.

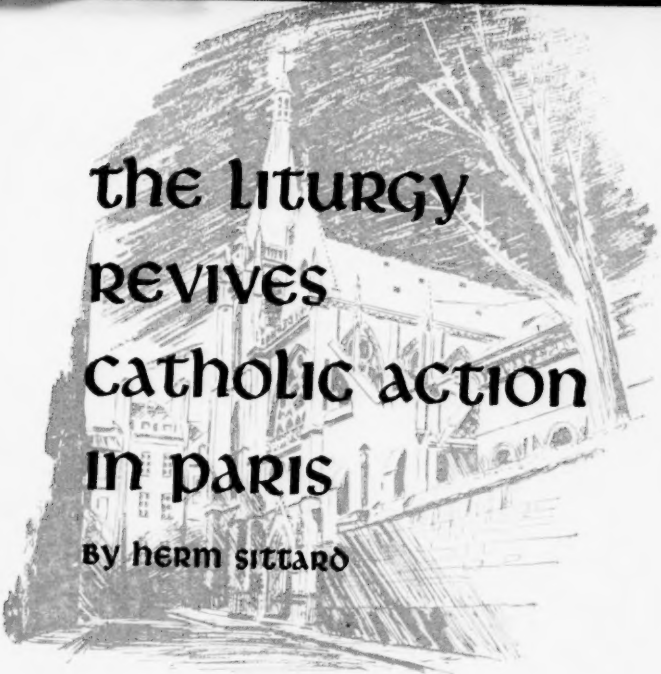
Protocol—Served with Milk

BACK IN 1925, the French ambassador was breakfasting with President Calvin Coolidge at the White House. In the midst of the discussion, Mr. Coolidge suddenly paused to pour milk into his saucer. Though taken aback, the ambassador, a diplomat to his fingertips, immediately did the same with his milk.

The President smiled slightly, but said nothing. Then he stooped and offered the milk to a cat waiting at his feet.


AOUW News (June '55).





the liturgy REVIVES catholic action in paris

By HERM SITTARD

OBERT stared down in stony silence from his niche near the pulpit of St. Severin's. More than 700 years had passed since Jacques Coulon, the stonemason, had pushed him into place. Coulon had mounted other cherubs like Robert above each arch in the nave. Together, Robert and the other little ones watched the servers prepare the altar for mass this morning.





FOR CENTURIES, torch smoke had curled and drifted up toward Robert. Inevitably, his face had become blackened, his vision obscured. He could still see well enough, though, to watch one server light the candles while another laid the missal on a plump cushion on top of the altar.

Just last Sunday, the pastor had preached once more about the liturgy of the Mass. And the students, the businessmen, and the tourists of the Latin Quarter had listened closely while he explained the actions of the priest at the altar.

To help his parishioners understand the Mass, and pray the Mass as they should, the pastor had placed a new altar close to the Communion rail where everyone could see just what the priest was doing. It was a simple table covered with a plain white cloth. On it, just two small candles, and the missal on a cushion. In front of it, a slender crucifix facing the people.

When the priest began the Offertory this morning, Robert noticed that the students, the businessmen, and the tourists were watching attentively.

BEFORE, when the priest offered Mass at the old altar with his back to them, the people stayed near the back of the church. Now, with the priest facing them across the table, everyone moved closer to see what was happening.

The warmth of candlelight on the golden chalice made the people forget the chill of the old stone walls, the flamboyant architecture, and the dusty oil paintings which surrounded them. They were drawn close to the altar by the drama of the Sacrifice.

And, throughout the Mass, when the priest addressed the people, they didn't keep their noses buried in their missals the way they used to; they all answered him out loud.

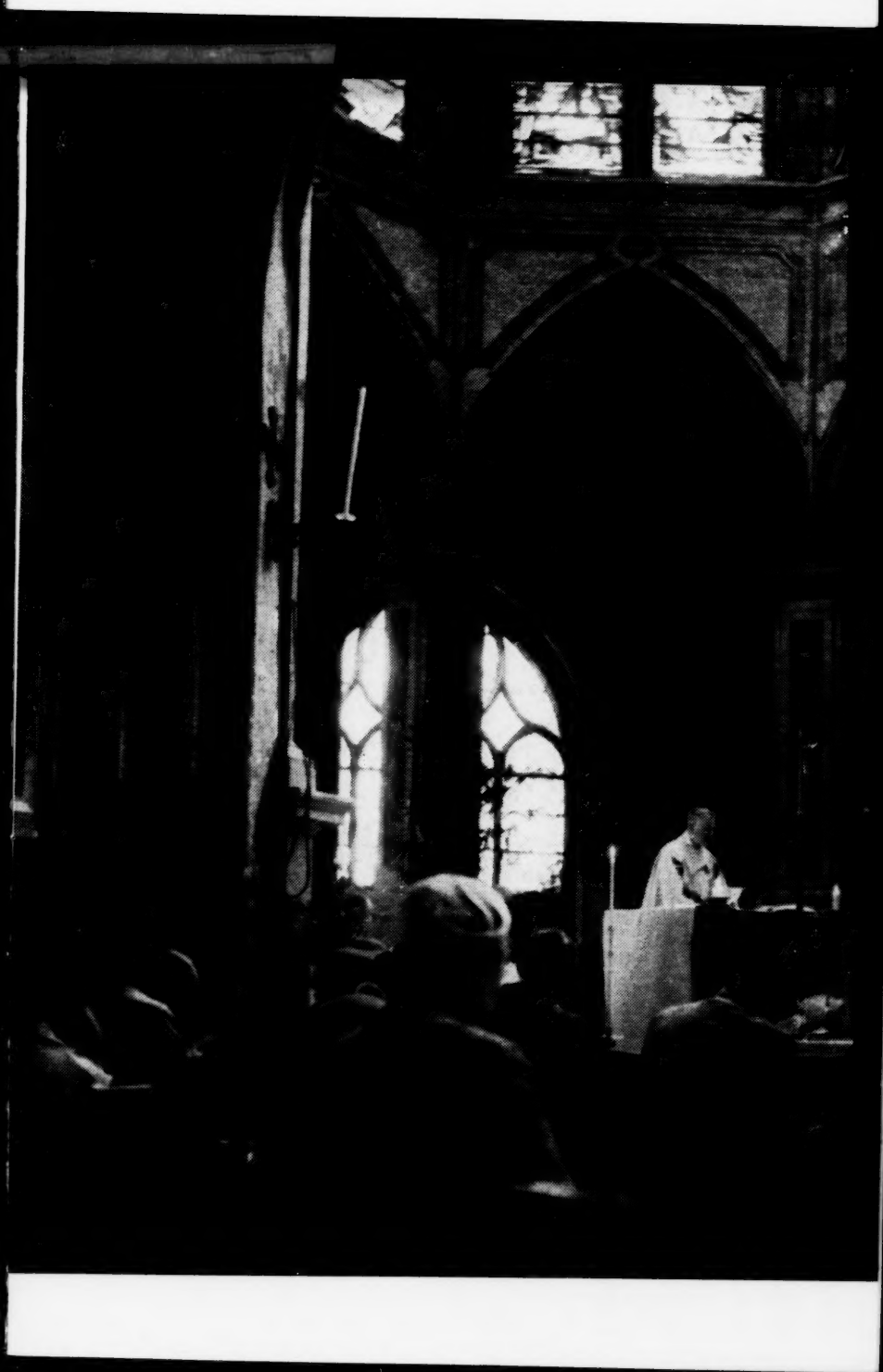
The dialogue between the priest and the people reminded Robert of the two boys' choirs that used to sing in a kind of dialogue from one side of the sanctuary to the other. That was back in the 16th century. Sometimes Father Coulette, their choirmaster, would accompany them at the organ. The silvery little pipes of the organ sang almost as clearly as some of Father Coulette's lads. Those boys, Robert recalled, sang like angels—well, like cherubs.

There were times when it had been very quiet in St. Severin's. Robert could remember the intense silence when Father Vincent de Paul would pause in his sermon to let a point sink in. The parishioners had been like that when Bishop Bossuet preached, too.

During the French Revolution, someone had boarded up the doors, and all Robert could hear for a few years was the sighing of the wind among the flying buttresses outside. It was very quiet. And the wind, it was so sad.



During the Offertory, the priest blesses the basket into which the people have placed their offerings, such as chocolate, cheese, and canned foods.



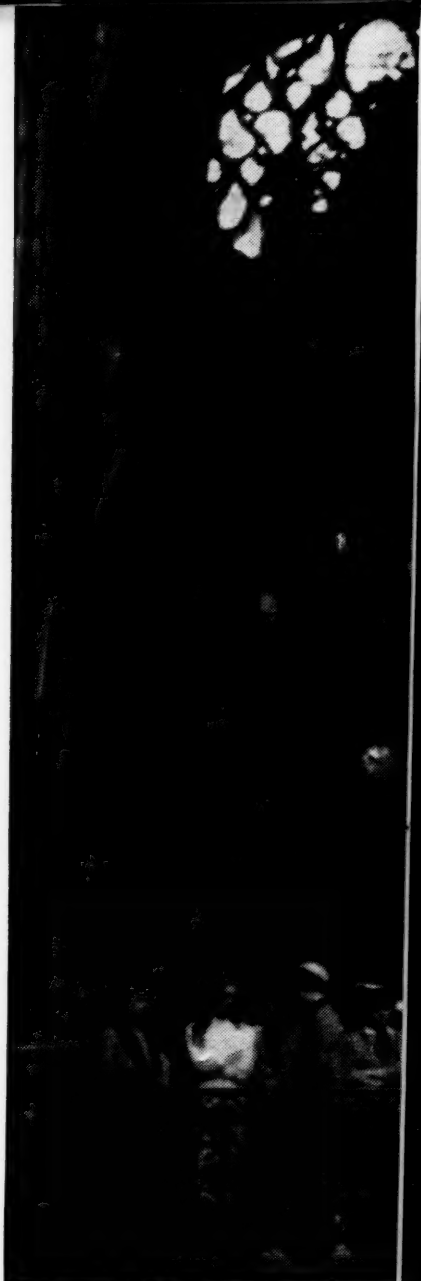


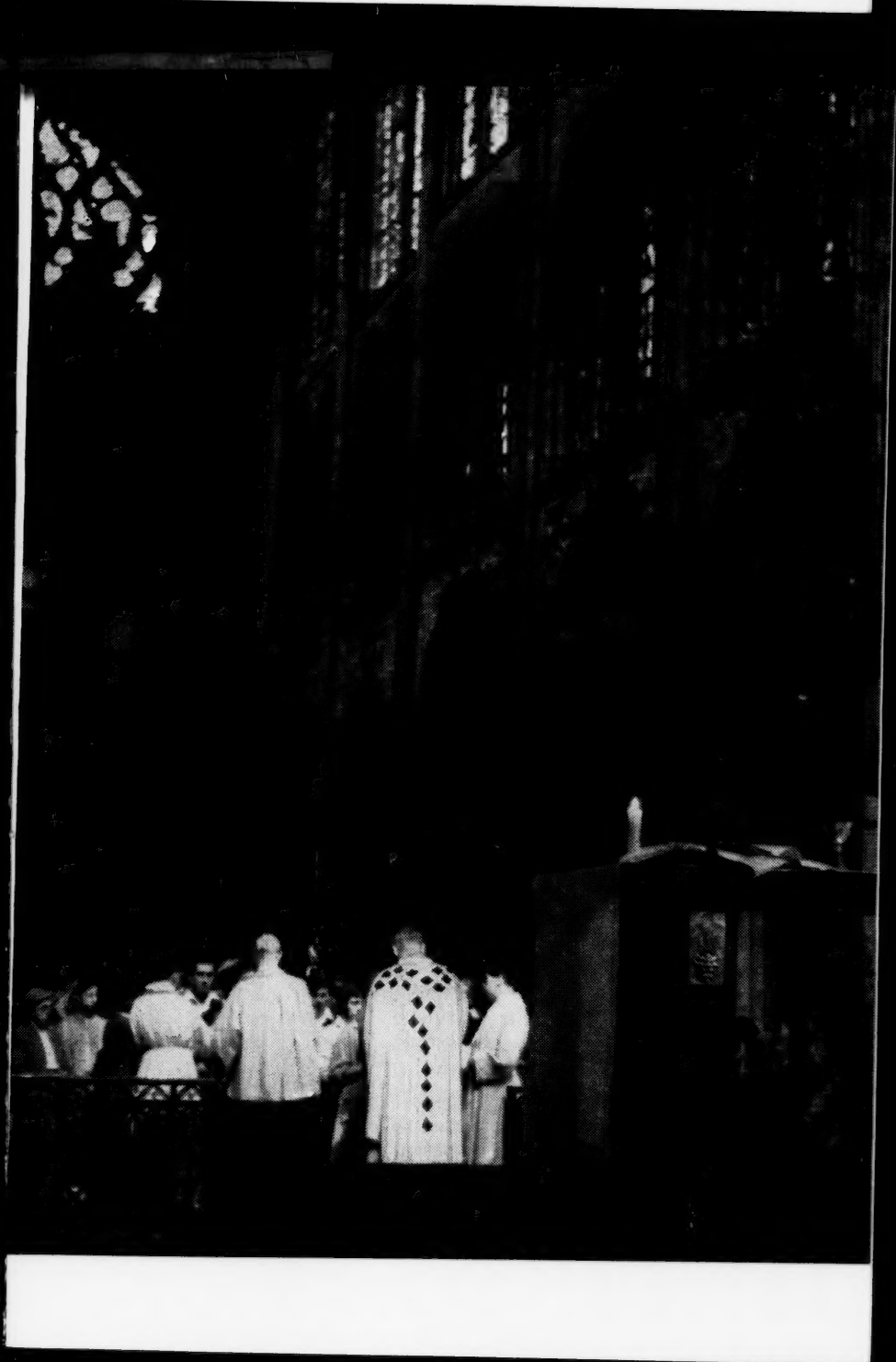
During Mass, a young man and a young woman read some intentions of the parishioners.

Down below, the celebrant had reached the Preface of the Mass. To his "*Sursum corda*" ("Lift up your hearts") the people chorused an enthusiastic "*Habemus ad Dominum.*"

Yes, thought Robert, they certainly have lifted up their hearts to the Lord. Their enthusiasm for the community worship at Mass had spilled over into their daily lives, too. They began to understand the meaning of the mystical Body, and Catholic Action spread like a forest fire.

Almost everyone participates in the Mass by receiving Communion.



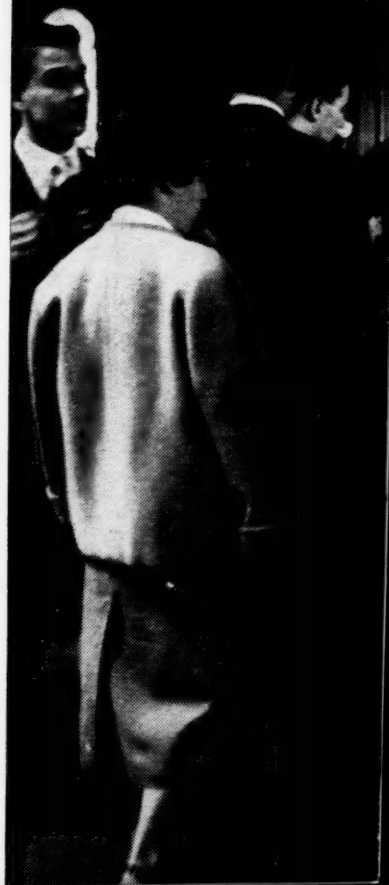


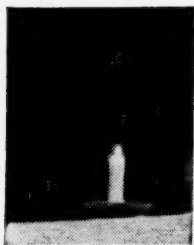


This was the kind of enthusiasm the parishioners had shown when Foulques de Neuilly preached the 4th Crusade to them in 1199. The students were beginning a new kind of crusade now. Father Balm, a Dutch Augustinian monk from the Sorbonne, was guiding their efforts to help the poor of the Latin Quarter.

Because of Father Balm's sermon, a group of students met right under Robert's arch a few weeks ago. He overheard their plans to buy food and share it with other students who needed help. This was just the kind of Catholic Action that Father Balm talked about.

If a student had trouble studying for an examination, why not pray for help and write that intention in the big book at the church door? And that's just what the students and the others began to do. There are many intentions written in the big book. And when a student passes his exam, that's written too. If a lawyer wins his lawsuit in the





Palais de Justice, he writes it down alongside his intention.

Take a look. "*Pour un examen—Pour une malade—*" and even "*Mon Dieu, donnez moi la foi.*" You see, anyone may write down his intention.

The silvery tinkle of the altar bell interrupted Robert's thoughts. The clearing of throats and the coughing stopped, and everyone became more attentive. The priest was near the Consecration now.

Soon Mass would be over, and the students would meet under Robert's arch once more. The last time they met, Robert recalled, one of them had complained about him and the other cherubs above the arches. They were not liturgical art, the young student had insisted. They were too old-fashioned.

Beneath his soot, Robert smiled an old-fashioned smile.

But no one noticed.

Everyone was watching the priest at the new altar.





A young people's choir sings hymns in French. They sing not only during Mass, but outside the church as well. Their music is simple and melodious.

In addition to their liturgical activities, the youth of St. Severin's have formed a Catholic Action group. They try to reach young people who have lost all contact with the Church.

They buy bread, meat, and fruit, and share it with students in the slums of Paris. While they eat they talk over their experiences.

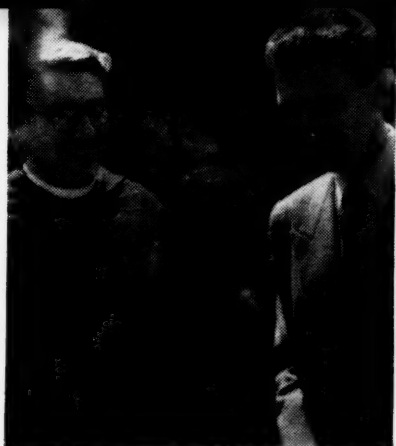




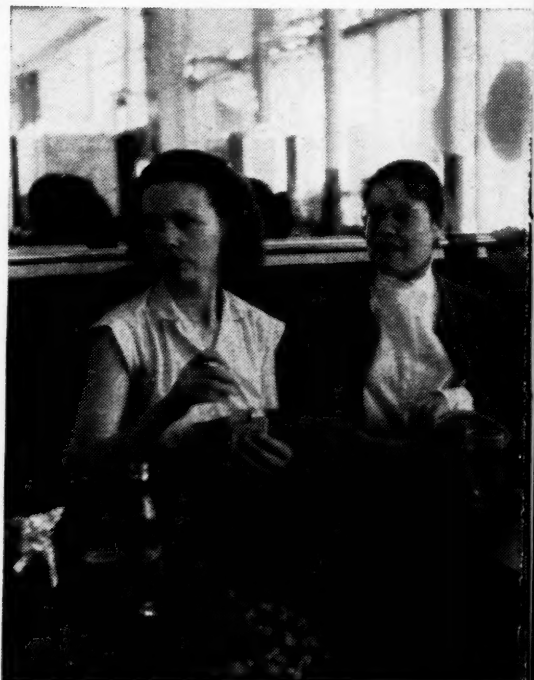
Nicole, professor at the Sorbonne, gives herself entirely to Catholic Action: her earnings, her spare time, even her possessions. She is on her way to sell three valuable books. Laughing, she says, "I'll buy a meal for a girl on the tramp."

Photography by L. Veltmeyer.

In the cafés of the Latin Quarter, they meet young people for whom Christianity is a mere formula.



Father Balm remains in the background. Leaders like Gilbert, a chemical-factory executive, talk over their plans with him.



Matching the Russian War of Words

An expert on public opinion shows how to smother lies with truth

By GEORGE GALLUP

Condensed from the *Saturday Review**

THE RUSSIANS are a good generation ahead of us in knowledge and use of propaganda, and are reported to be spending \$1 to \$2 billion a year in getting it across. Therefore, I suggested to a Senatorial committee that \$5 billion spent on tanks, guns, and battleships will make far less difference in achieving ultimate victory over communism than the same amount appropriated for ideological warfare.

The mere expenditure of large sums of money, of course, offers no guarantee of winning the cold war. We must have an effective message, and, equally important, we must make sure it is effective before we spend the money. But you can't sell people unless you reach them, and reaching them is expensive.

I once laid down the dictum that the best, safest principle to follow in fighting an ideological war, at least at this stage of our knowledge, is to follow the rules of shooting war. We must reach more people,

more often, and with a better message than the enemy.

Some people would like to ignore completely this fight for the minds of men. Many hope that military strength will solve our propaganda job. But you can't kill ideas with H-bombs. So, no matter how you figure it, the most economical and effective way to deal with Russia is to match her efforts in ideological warfare.

If a country is lost to communism through propaganda and subversion it is lost to our side as irretrievably as if we lost it in actual warfare. We often overlook the fact that many of our friends and allies can be lost to us almost overnight. All it takes in any of those nations is just one election in which the communists gain enough votes to take control.

Another fact which seems to have escaped the thinking of our Congressional leaders is that total victory in a new world war would not resolve the ideological war. Imagine the problem that we and

*25 W. 45th St., New York City 36. Sept. 17, 1955. © 1955 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

our allies would face in trying to keep communism suppressed in a conquered Russia and China. The problem would not only not be solved but it would be intensified.

One argument frequently advanced against an adequate propaganda program is that we don't need propaganda, that deeds speak louder than words. The best proof that this view is false is the very success of the communist efforts in Asia, Africa, and Europe. Communist deeds are usually the opposite of their words.

Another argument is that we have no right to speak out until we, as a nation, have set our own house in order first. If this rule were applied strictly we would have no preachers of Christianity—except the saints. Certainly there would be no advertising, because no product is perfect.

Still another argument arises from the misconception that propaganda is necessarily based upon lies. Therefore, the argument proceeds, we should shun propaganda on moral grounds, if on no other. The word, unfortunately, has acquired a bad odor, thanks to Goebbels and his modern Russian counterparts. But the most effective propaganda, such as that of Chris-

tianity, can and should be based upon the truth. A lie, repeated endlessly, can be sold to many; but what is overlooked is that truth, by repetition, can be sold more easily than lies.

The final argument is that we should not spend billions of dollars unless we are certain of results. I am in complete agreement with this policy. And that is where research comes in. The only field in which we may have an advantage over the Russians is in our research methods for pre-testing propaganda.

We do not need to spend millions on programs which later prove ineffective. Through research, we can find out which of many basic appeals will get results. We can discover the best way to nullify enemy propaganda. We can know at all times just who is winning the propaganda battle.

If I know Congress, it will be difficult to get adequate sums for this effort in the immediate future. So our best hope is to make a few simple demonstrations of what can be done. Thus, through patient and continuing effort we can give our legislators not only a better understanding of the cold-war problem but confidence that we can win it.



IT MUST BE that I'm allergic to color TV," Marmaduke remarked to a friend, "because every time my neighbor invites me in to watch his set, my face immediately turns green."

Chicago Tribune (11 Oct. '55).

Cross My Heart

Review by MAURICE MURRAY

TO WRITE AN autobiography is a challenging job. How can anyone be sure that the details of his own life, so interesting to himself, can prove anything but boring to anybody else?

Frank Scully, *Variety* columnist and author of *Cross My Heart*, need not worry about this point. His life story literally "has everything."

Frank was born (1892) into a Catholic family of ten children living in a tough section of New York City. The streets were his playground, so he learned early to take care of himself. And a good thing, too. By the time he was out of high school, all but two of the Scully kids had died; in his senior year alone, Frank lost his father and two sisters. Small wonder that he came, as he puts it, to "take everything but life seriously."

When he was 17, Frank suffered a football injury that was to cripple him for life; the next year, he came down with the t.b. which had already taken most of his family.

But he had his living to earn, so he fought off the germs and enrolled at Columbia University.

He majored in Journalism partly because he had found that he liked

to write, but chiefly because journalism required no math and because any job that wouldn't allow him to sit down was out. About the same time, the old *Sun*, now defunct, gave him a job as a sportswriter. One drab day, the *Sun* was merged with the *Press*. Rather than take a 30% cut in salary, he switched to a dull, easy job editing the *Spur*, one of the early "slick" magazines. He had thrived on overwork; now, in an easy job, his health broke down completely.

His old enemies, the tubercle bacilli, were taking this round. To make things worse, osteomyelitis had developed in his injured leg. His doctors held out little hope, but Frank, though not afraid of death, wasn't having any of it. So as not to be a burden on his mother, he went off first to Saranac Lake and later to Arizona. The fresh-air cure was standard treatment for t.b. patients in those days, and he alternately froze and roasted, but his lungs—though not his leg—got better.

From his bed, he edited a local paper called the *Branding Iron*, and read good books like Michael Williams' *The High Romance*, which did for his Catholic faith

much what the fresh air was doing for his lungs.

Having won by a knockout over t.b., Frank turned his attention to his game leg. The Arizona climate couldn't help him throw away his crutches. So he set out for the clinics of Switzerland, where great medical feats were reported.

But the reports from Switzerland proved greatly exaggerated. An excruciatingly painful series of operations did nothing but increase his agony and cost him the leg.

Scully might by now have made a vocation of disease, but he kept up his preoccupation with reading and writing. He started writing a "European Roundup" column for *Variety*, the American theatrical journal. (With but one interruption, he has been writing for *Variety* ever since.) He met some American film producers, who offered him a movie job in New York.

The offer was tempting. It would be something to return in triumph to his mother, with money in his purse and his name going up on an office door. While he was pondering his decision, he got a cablegram. His mother had died. No reason to go home now.

Europe was growing more attractive. Living was cheap, even on the Riviera, if you knew where and how; the climate agreed with him; and he had met a girl. . . . Her name, Alice; she was a staunch Lutheran (at the time), and when she applied for a job as his secre-

tary, he had no more idea that she would one day marry him (which she did) than that he would eventually become the father of five children (which he is).

From the day of his marriage—he was 38 by then—things looked up for Scully. Alice became a Catholic sometime later, and Frank at last came to know real happiness. Back in America, the stock market crashed, and the great depression set in. But the Scullys managed not only to make ends meet, but to start raising a family. Frank turned his hand to ghost writing, but got more laughs (which the reader will share) out of it than money.

In 1933, the Scullys returned to America. After a brief stay in New York, they sought out the more favorable climate of Los Angeles. Here it was that Frank Scully, the nonjoiner, plunged neck-deep in politics, and joined an aroused citizenry in chasing the political stoats and weasels out of the City of the Angels. He somehow found time, too, to keep up his writing and be a good father to the Scully Circus, as he affectionately calls his five children.

And there you have the Scullys, as of 1955. Yet no reviewer can possibly convey the warm human appeal of this fascinating book.

Cross My Heart is published by Greenberg, New York City (371 pp. \$5). See the Catholic Digest Book Club advertisement on page 3.



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